

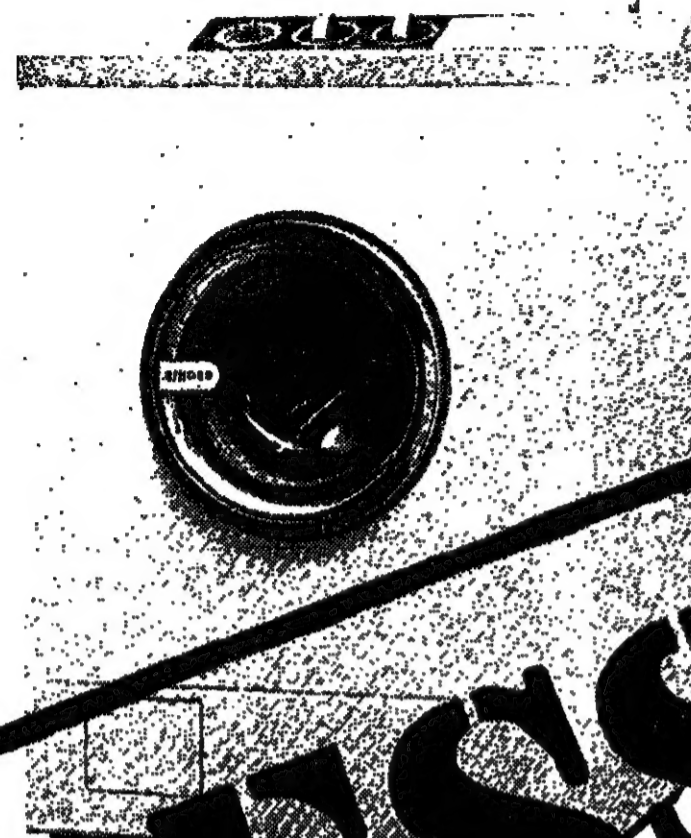
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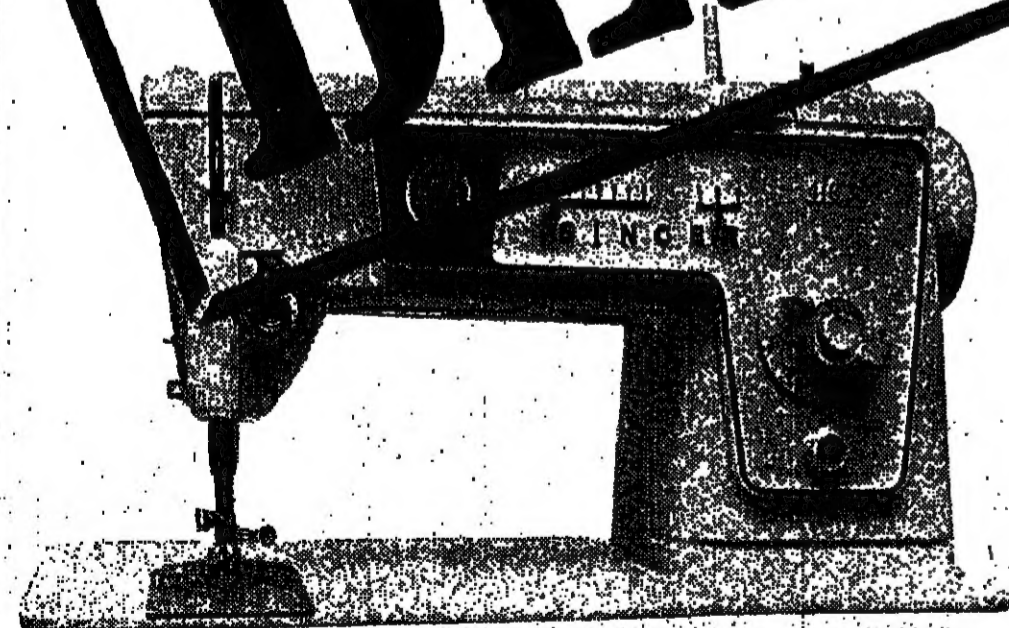
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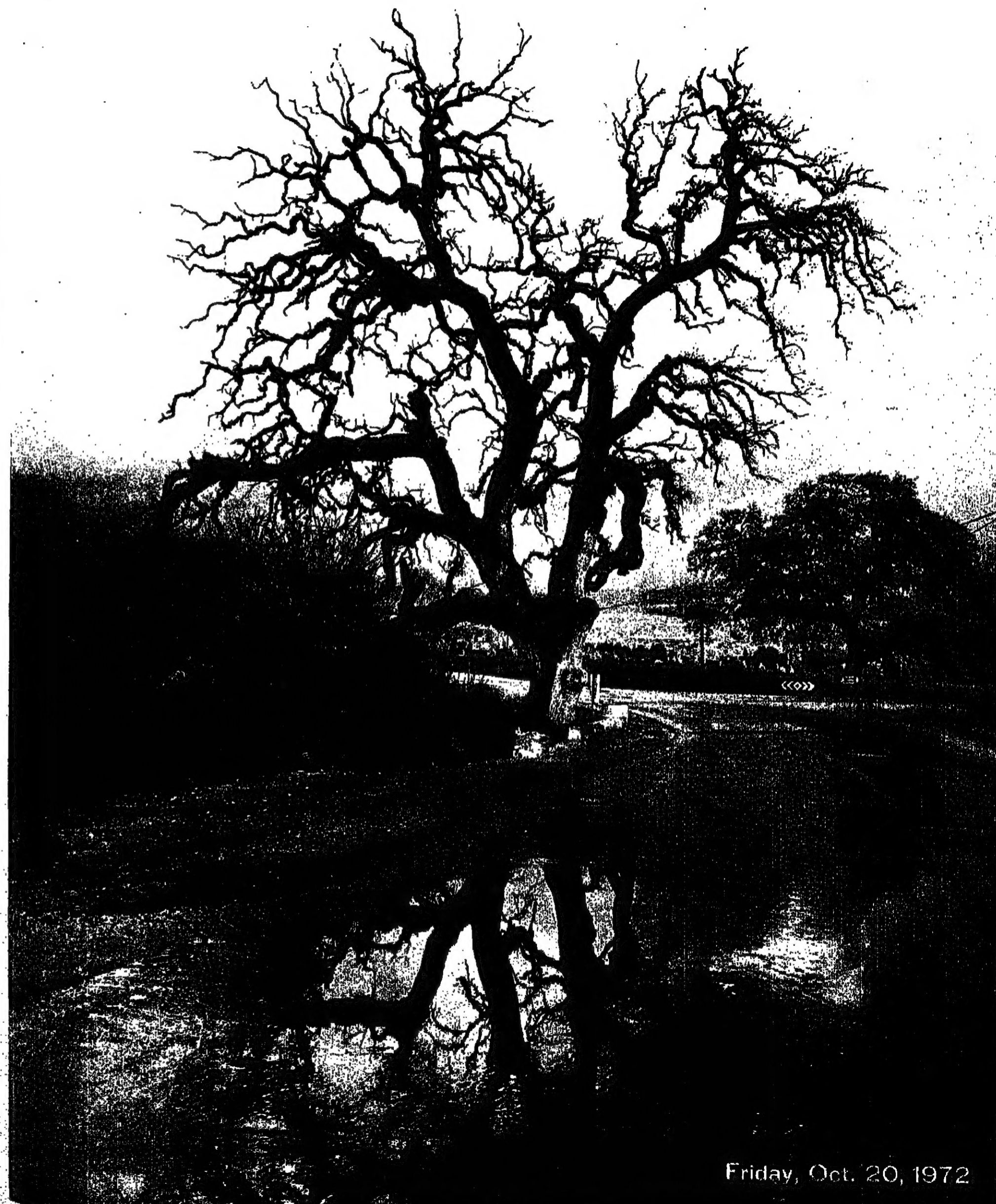
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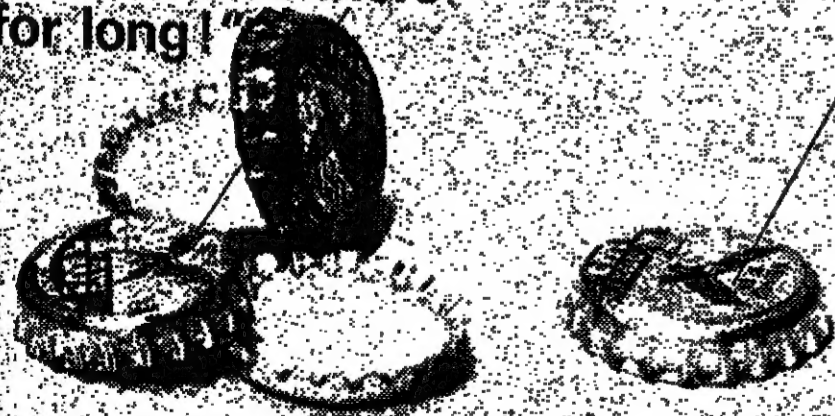


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GOLDSTAR - A great reason for a great party

After many months of wrangling which caused successive delays, the election of Israel's two Chief Rabbis was held in Jerusalem last Sunday. The Election Committee chose Shlomo Goren as Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi and Ovadia Yosef as the Rishon Lezion, the Sephardi Chief Rabbi, over the two incumbents, Rabbi Isser Yehuda Unterman and Rabbi Yitzhak Nissim. The new Chief Rabbis will now face a host of controversial questions, on some of which they differ markedly. POST Reporter DAVID LANDAU interviewed Rabbi Ovadia Yosef after his election.



Rabbi Ovadia Yosef and followers at a celebration after the victory.

(Wells)

The Rishon Lezion

I AM puzzled by his failure to consult me. He is not the sole Chief Rabbi."

Rabbi Ovadia Yosef, the new Sephardi Chief Rabbi, was speaking of his Ashkenazi opposite number, Rabbi Shlomo Goren. Immediately after the elections last Sunday, Rabbi Goren had told newsmen that he intended to summon an international convention of leading rabbis to discuss problems of halacha. "I would have thought," said Rabbi Yosef, quietly but forcefully, "that for something out of the ordinary like this he would have seen fit to consult with his colleague."

Rabbi Yosef, as it happens, is strongly opposed to this idea of an international rabbinical conference. "We have plenty of great rabbis here in Israel," he says, "and we have plenty of problems here in Israel which need solving first."

Another post-election statement by Rabbi Goren had also come as a surprise to his Sephardi colleague. Rabbi

Goren had told a reporter that he intended to chair the court he proposed to set up to re-hear the case of the Langers — the brother and sister *mamzerim*. "I will not sit as a member of the court with Rabbi Goren as sole chairman," said Rabbi Yosef. "By saying that he himself will chair the court, he is showing that he is not interested in my taking part. Nor, indeed, has he asked me to take part."

Rabbi Yosef thought that if a court selected and headed by Rabbi Goren were to clear the Langers, the decision would not be generally accepted. "People will say it was a *quid pro quo* for his election."

"In my opinion, there should be a re-hearing of the case by the Rabbinical Supreme Court bench which heard it originally" — Rabbi Yosef himself was on it and it failed to free the Langers to marry as they wished — "together with the rest of the members of the Supreme Court and some District Court Presidents. In that way, the decision will be respected. The Mishna lays down, in Sanhedrin, that a case must always be reopened if new evidence comes to light. It does not bar the original judges from re-hearing it."

What would happen, I asked, if an enlarged Supreme Court did hear the case, and decided against the Langers once again? He replied with a gesture of resignation. We are bound by the halacha, he said, and could not depart from it. If the secular majority came to decide on civil marriage — so be it. "But look how many *bohanim* there are who are barred from marrying divorcees. What can anyone do for them? What can Rabbi Goren do? The answer is, nothing. This may distress some people, but we cannot turn our backs on the Torah."

THE views of the two Chief Rabbis on the present membership of the Rabbinical Supreme Court are diametri-

cally opposed. Some weeks ago, the senior *dayan* on the court, Rabbi Yosef Shalom Ellashiv, sent in his resignation, with effect from October 15 — the day of the Chief Rabbinate elections. To Dr. Zerah Warhaftig, the Minister for Religious Affairs, who pressed him to reconsider his decision, Rabbi Ellashiv said he was resigning for health reasons. To his friends he explained: "I refuse to sit on the same court as Rabbi Goren for even a single day." Rabbi Ellashiv thought that Rabbi Goren was certain of election along with the Sephardi Chief Rabbi, Yitzhak Nissim. He felt that Rabbi Goren is not consistent enough about the halacha.

Plea to rabbis
When the election results were announced on Sunday afternoon, Rabbi Ovadia Yosef went first to the Western Wall to offer his thanks to God. From there he went to Rabbi Ellashiv's home in Mea Shearim to beg him to withdraw his resignation. "Please, do not forsake me," he pleaded with the tall, stately sage. Rabbi Ellashiv promised nothing. Rabbi Yosef returned home to Tel Aviv and immediately telephoned the three other Ashkenazi members of the Supreme Court — Rabbis Bezalel Zolti, Eliezer Goldschmidt, and Shaul Yisraeli — who had also threatened to resign if Rabbi Goren and Rabbi Nissim were elected. They, too, would give no undertaking, but promised to consider the new Chief Rabbi's appeal.

Chief Rabbi Goren sees these men — and particularly Rabbi Zolti — as his personal enemies. He believes that Rabbi Zolti was behind the anonymous pamphlet in which he was presented as a "reformer who makes a travesty of the halacha." Rabbi Goren received news of Rabbi Ellashiv's departure with unqualified satisfaction, and is now reported as saying that the other three must resign likewise, or else make

their peace with him. He maintains that their failure to be elected to the Chief Rabbinate Council shows that the Electoral College disapproved of them and that they must draw the conclusions.

Rabbi Yosef received me at his daughter's home in the Mekor Baruch quarter of Jerusalem. (Like her two married brothers and her two brothers-in-law, her husband studies in a *kollel*, a rabbinical college. The Chief Rabbi's unmarried sons — he has 11 children in all — study in yeshivot. As I arrived for the interview, Rabbis Ellashiv, Zolti, Goldschmidt and Yisraeli were just leaving.)

"I am still hoping we can persuade Rabbi Ellashiv to change his mind," Rabbi Yosef told me. "He is a very great man; a sublime personality. The other three, too, are fine judges, the best we have, and all eminently suited to sit in the Supreme Court." Rabbi Yosef was himself a member of the court from 1964 until he took over as Chief Rabbi of Tel Aviv in 1969. Thus, he said, he knows them well. "Those who called them extremists only did so to discredit them. Their hearts feel as much pain at the plight of a Jewish girl as anyone else's heart does... They have no less *ahavat Yisrael* than Rabbi Goren. If he calls them extremists, he does it because of the enmity which has so distorted his relations with them."

Rabbi Yosef recalled an appeal to the Supreme Court by a girl who had been adjudged a *mamzeret* by the Tel Aviv District Rabbinical Court. "I wrote a judgment ruling that she was untainted, and Rabbi Zolti and Yisraeli concurred. The girl, of course, wept tears of joy. But you should have seen Zolti and Yisraeli; they too were beside themselves with joy."

In Rabbi Yosef's view, the vote for the Chief Rabbinate Council has nothing to do with the Supreme Court. "They don't have to resign

from the court, and Rabbi Goren can't force them to. By the time Rabbi Ellashiv's resignation came into force, on Sunday, I was Chief Rabbi and President of the court — and I have not accepted his resignation."

Rabbi Yosef hopes and believes that time will heal this rift. He himself will do his utmost, he says, to bring about a reconciliation. He also intends to work for better relations between his colleague and the heads of the country's yeshivot, most of whom view Rabbi Goren's election with apprehension.

Optimistic
Despite their differences over the Supreme Court, and despite his annoyance at Rabbi Goren's early statements, Rabbi Yosef is optimistic that he and his colleague will, as Chief Rabbi, cooperate, as well as they have done for the past two years in Tel Aviv. "We had our differences there too," he admits, "but we respected each other and were able to solve every problem together."

He sees Rabbi Goren's statements of this week as having been made in the flush of electoral victory, and assumes they will soon be toned down. He says that he and Rabbi Goren are united in their view of the fundamental tasks facing the Chief Rabbinate: the urgent need to re-examine various aspects of religious services and the equally urgent need to re-establish the Chief Rabbinate's contact with the community and its spiritual requirements.

Rabbi Nissim did not, as a matter of principle, handle questions of *kashrut*, and Rabbi Unterman, too, was not over-active in this field. The upshot is, says Rabbi Yosef, that a great deal needs putting right. The supervision of frozen meat supplies from South America and Central Europe needs tightening up; *shechita* is not always adequately supervised; and the Rabbinate's procedure for separation of *terumah* (contributions) and

(Continued on next page)

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- THE COVER photograph — on autumn scene in Galilee — was taken by Werner Braun.

A NEW CHIEF RABBI

(Continued from previous page)

overwhelmingly. This, says Rabbi Yosef, is part of what he meant by his post-election pledge "to restore the Chief Rabbinate to its former glory." The other main task and here, too, he sees eye to eye with his Ashkenazi colleague — is "to spread the Tora and to go down among the people and teach them, and preach to them and show them the right path." These were the functions which the Chief Rabbinate fulfilled in the days of Rabbi Herzog and Rabbi Uzziel — and Rabbi Yosef hopes to revive their tradition.

him in the 1964 elections, "because I saw that with the political backing he had, there was no chance of my success." Analysing Sunday's election, Rabbi Yosef says that his own popularity and Rabbi Nissim's

unpopularity broke through party discipline and both Labour Party and National Religious Party voters defected to him from the Goren-Nissim "ticket." Whereas the Nissim camp

conducted its campaign with threats and promises, said Rabbi Yosef, his own team had won votes by "persuading and explaining and pointing to the differences between the two candidates." "After the election," said Rabbi Yosef, I hinted that I would like to visit Rabbi Nissim — as Rabbi Goren paid a conciliatory call on Rabbi Unterman. I was told that I

would not be well received and that it would be better to wait. I hope that in the course of time passions will cool and I shall be able to visit him." Editor's Note: The Post also asked Rabbi Shlomo Goren for an interview after his election this week. Having promised an exclusive interview to another Israeli newspaper, however, the Chief Rabbi felt unable to oblige.

OVADIA Yosef was born 51 years ago in Baghdad and came to this country at the age of three. He was not descended from a rabbinical family, but soon displayed the academic qualities which inevitably destined him for the rabbinate. He studied at the Porat Yosef Yeshiva in the Old City of Jerusalem, and at the age of 24 was appointed by Chief Rabbi Uzziel as a *dayan* on the court of the Sephardi community.

In 1947, at the age of 28, he was sent to Egypt to serve as head of the Cairo Beit Din and help the ageing Chief Rabbi, Haham Haim Nahum, execute his official duties. He recalls that at the height of the War of Independence, he was called upon to attend King Farouk's birthday celebrations at the royal palace and blessed the monarch in the name of the Jewish community. Later, however, he got into trouble with the Secret Service, who were convinced that he was preaching Zionist propaganda in his Hebrew-language sermons at the synagogue.

Followed by agents

"They were not altogether wrong," he says now (though at the time he steadfastly denied the charge). Secret agents followed him during the day and raided his home at the dead of night. The truth was that some Jews had hinted to the authorities that he was a Zionist, but the Haganah intervened on his behalf, and he was able to complete his three-year contract and leave unharmed.

Back in Israel, he was offered a seat on the Petah Tikva Beit Din and remained there until 1958, when he moved to the Jerusalem District Court, and from there, in 1965, to the Rabbinical Supreme Court.

Rabbi Katz, the Chief Rabbi of Petah Tikva, urged him to stand in the Sephardi Chief Rabbinate election in 1955, but he felt that at 34, he was too young. But the successful candidate at that election, Chief Rabbi Nissim, requested his aid in replying to the halachic questions.

"Rabbi Nissim had not specialized in the *Hoshen Mishpat* and *Even Ha Ezer* (sections of the *Shulhan Aruch*)," Rabbi Yosef explained, choosing his words delicately. He agreed, to help Rabbi Nissim, but asked for a few months grace to complete a book he was writing.

"When I returned at the end of this period, Rabbi Nissim, did not know Yosef (as the Bible says of Pharaoh), and from that day to this relations between us have been strained."

Rabbi Yosef refused to detail his criticisms of Rabbi Nissim's Chief Rabbinate, but intimated that they were many and serious. He did not fight

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NEW! UP TO SE-CC



During the Munich drama, West German policemen run to take up positions in the Olympic village after the attack on the Israelis. (AP)

"One hopes that security analysis will remain with the professionals even if we suffered a setback in Munich. It does not look as if the politicians would be able to do better."

Lea Ben Dor's Parliamentary Report



Gahal's Haim Landau... blames the policy of "passive defence."

Facts versus dreams

"If I have any useful ideas on how to fight terrorism I won't discuss them here, and if I haven't, what's the good of my saying anything?" — Aluf (res.) Zorea, head of the Government Lands Department, in a radio interview.

ALUF Zorea's remark might be considered as verging on the obvious, but it also sums up the rather futile debate held on Monday after Prime Minister Meir's statement on the Koppel Report. Just lately, many things have been getting into print, or on the air, that would have been carefully shrouded from public sight even a few years ago, a political permissiveness to match the porn pictures and highly coloured tales in the glossy magazines. Finance Minister Sapir admits that the government has been accustomed to managing the dollar black market; Justice Minister Shapiro resigns because he feels he has been criticized by his party as well as by political opponents, even if he did come back again a few months later. And now we have three members of the Security Service — one could hear Mrs. Meir stumble over the name every time, as though she resented having to discuss this subject in public — being asked to resign because they did not carry out their jobs satisfactorily. Naturally, people would like to know the details.

Last month, immediately after the disaster at the Munich Olympics, there was a loud demand in the Knesset for a parliamentary inquiry committee. That means inquiry by representatives of the political parties which, at least in multi-party Israel, is probably the worst possible way of getting at the truth about anything, or of getting witnesses to speak freely. If the material was secret, the 10-man Foreign Affairs committee could be used. Since then, the opposition parties have been simmering away steadily and were ready to boil over when Mrs. Meir presented her report.

These statements do not have to be true to become very quickly an element in terrorist planning, a possibility to be taken into account. During the past few days there has been sharp fighting between a disaffected Fatah leader and his supporters and the main body of the Fatah in the Lebanon, with casualties running high. If Yasser Arafat is embarrassed by this split, there will no doubt soon be reports that Israel agents engineered the quarrel. We shall have to use the method of psychological warfare if we are to paralyse an enemy who can hide in every haystack in Europe, and it is not credible

terrorist action abroad was shapely our policy of "passive defence." This was also sufficiently clear reference to the pre-1948 profound ideological division between the Haganah — read labour movement — which aimed at defence, and the I.Z.L., which became the nucleus of the Herut party and now forms one half of the Gahal union, and which favoured "attack" which in those days could not be more than indiscriminate, where opportunity offered.

He took issue with one Cabinet minister who had said we would fight "only legally and in the open," and Foreign Minister Eban, who declared we would fight in the Middle East and only there. Was that not a green light for the terrorists to continue, unworried by any fear of retaliation? He also said that of course, if there was no intention to act, it was better to make no statements, for there was no use threatening with an unloaded revolver. (Actually, a good many airplanes have been hijacked in the past few years with toy pistols.)

Yet, if there is any intention to act, surely it is also better to make no statements? Perhaps we have made too many statements in the past, issued too many warnings, given away too many clues? Papers abroad have been writing that Israel was responsible for the death of Khartoum, the terrorist public relations man in Beirut who was killed by the "Free Lebanon" group, and now Fatah are claiming that Israel is responsible for the death of their representative Wael Zuaiter in Rome.

MR. Ya'acov Hazan (Alignment-Mapam) has a total faith that terrorism will be overcome like other threats to our security that is as unquestioning as that of the religious members, who do not doubt that the Almighty will preserve the Jews in the future as in the past. That being so, he can afford to be very critical of the methods used. If terrorist bases are located in refugee camps that of course makes things difficult, but still one must consider again how one can be absolutely certain that nobody innocent will be harmed in attacks on the bases. It is not only a matter of conscience, though that is of

that anyone should believe that can be done best by means of open debate in the Knesset. In their own way, the contradictory statements of Cabinet ministers and others may of course help to obscure rather than reveal our intentions, even if that is not what the speakers intended.

Mr. Landau must surely also be aware of these considerations, unless he believes that mere threats of action against Arab countries, Libya perhaps, which so openly proclaims its support for Arab terrorist action, would cause a man like Colonel Gaddafi to change his policies. Arabs in general have discovered recently that they are unwelcome since the Munich murders, regardless whether they are extremists or not, for that is something that is hard to prove. European police forces have enough trouble and do not wish to become involved in Arab terrorism.

There are enough Arab terrorist movements, with rivalries and dubious agents, to make it likely that there may be more killings like that in Rome. The Fatah may say, or even choose to believe, that Israel was involved, but there is no reason why we should make the kind of public declarations that could cause the Rome police to feel that it would be best to keep out Israelis as well as Arabs. Terrorism is the war now, and even where there has been a failure on the part of a government service as in Munich the overriding consideration must be practical and operational, and not political, whatever the temptations.

MR. Ya'acov Hazan (Alignment-Mapam) has a total faith that terrorism will be overcome like other threats to our security that is as unquestioning as that of the religious members, who do not doubt that the Almighty will preserve the Jews in the future as in the past. That being so, he can afford to be very critical of the methods used. If terrorist bases are located in refugee camps that of course makes things difficult, but still one must consider again how one can be absolutely certain that nobody innocent will be harmed in attacks on the bases. It is not only a matter of conscience, though that is of

vital importance, but that our unaided arms are the source of our strength. Nobody has suggested random retaliation, and there can be few armies, in fact, that have tried so hard to avoid harming civilians while actually fighting. What he really had in mind was Rabbi Kahane and his minions, and the encouragement that he calls the early signs of what he calls the early signs of fascism.

In any case, he was sure that this latest manifestation, terrorism, is the last stage before the final awakening of the Arab rulers from their dream of vanquishing and destroying Israel or forcing it to accept a peace that does not offer security. Have they really offered us peace? This suggestion seems usually to come only from such people as U.S. Secretary of State Rogers.

This is a facile optimism that has not changed over the years, when each crisis was seen as the dark hour before the dawn, and all that was needed was to believe in peace being round the corner. The optimism matches the exaggerated and artificial pessimism displayed by such speakers as Mr. Landau, who suggests that we may be well on the way to being overwhelmed. The struggles of the past have been won by looking each danger very carefully in the face, and basing action on the result of such dispassionate study, and not on easy generalizations. It leads one to hope that security analysis will remain with the professionals even if we suffered a setback in Munich. It does not look as though the politicians would do better.

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Race takes back seat in U.S. campaign

Blacks are taking a new look at politics. There is an awareness that 'we can make a difference.' SAM LIPSKI re-

ports on how this attitude is affecting the American presidential campaign as the election draws near.

IF there is one striking way in which the presidential campaign of 1972 differs from that of 1968, it is the submergence of race as a major issue.

To Ben Jones, co-ordinator for minority affairs in Senator George McGovern's New Jersey campaign, there has been a more significant change. Blacks are taking a new look at politics. We used to say, 'what difference will it make?' Whitey will still be in the White House. But there is a new awareness that we can make a difference.

Yet while there are more blacks like Ben Jones active in the campaigns of both presidential candidates than ever before, the questions of most immediate concern to blacks are not prominent in the confrontation between McGovern and Nixon.

In 1968, the urban ghettos were burning across the nation, Martin Luther King was assassinated, "white backlash" was an everyday phrase, and George Wallace was campaigning against integration.

Two nations

The Kerner Commission warned America that it was in danger of becoming two nations and Richard Nixon won the presidency. In a large measure, by promising Americans that he would restore "law and order" and thus put an end to the sirens in the night.

In 1972, it sometimes seems as if all that was ancient history, not a convulsion which threatened the very Republic itself just four years ago.

Neither McGovern nor Nixon is emphasizing race relations or black concerns as a major issue. McGovern presumably assumes that the vast majority of blacks will vote for him anyhow, and that he must therefore devote most of his time to winning back some of the disaffected white traditional Democrats. An emphasis on black issues would not help such an effort.

For his part, Nixon is so far ahead in many States where white anxieties over black demands could be exploited, that he does not have to dwell on the subject.

Nevertheless, at the organizational level, as distinct from the public speeches of the candidates, both parties are pursuing the black vote. Despite his poor reputation amongst blacks — he won only 10 per cent of their votes against Hubert Humphrey in 1968 — Nixon is spending a lot of money, public and political, to get a better share of their support this year. Some Republicans are predicting that the black vote for Nixon could go as high as 25 per cent, mainly because of the black middle class

which has pulled itself up out of poverty and is disturbed over the McGovern tax reform policies.

Republicans point to endorsements from such black leaders as Floyd McKissick, former director of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and prominent black entertainers such as Sammy Davis Jr. and James Brown.

Yet if the reaction of blacks to such endorsements is any guide, Nixon may be disappointed, Davis has been booed by black audiences — the black weekly "Jet" received hundreds of angry letters when it published a picture of Davis hugging Nixon and some black-owned record shops have stopped selling his records.

The basic charge is that the "blacks for Nixon" have sold out or been bought out. In McKissick's case, for example, he declared his support for the President shortly after the Administration announced a grant of some \$15m. for a housing project he had been planning for the southern states.

As for the black show-business names who are photographed in the White House, a black radio station in Washington attacked "those brothers in sports, entertainment and hustling" who were supporting Nixon.

A big lie

The black Republicans insist that the charge that Nixon is buying black votes is a big lie. "Now that blacks are getting a piece of the action and supporting the Administration that provided it, the Democrats are making it a dirty campaign," they say.

What galls the Nixon campaign is their belief that, contrary to the popular picture painted, the Nixon Administration can point to solid achievements in school desegregation, job equality, and economic assistance to black business — achievements for which they are not getting any credit.

To Ben Jones, sitting in his office in Newark, New Jersey, the Nixon Administration does not deserve the credit. "They only did what they had to do. All the programmes had been introduced by the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. I believe that even a George Wallace would have had to desegregate the schools and make more jobs available."

In New Jersey, another vital state for McGovern (Nixon won it in 1968), Jones believes black votes can make the difference. Although he has not aroused the emotional support of a Bobby Kennedy, and although he is not as relaxed as the familiar figure of older black leaders as Hubert Humphrey, McGovern gets strong backing

His reforms of the Democratic Party which opened it up to black delegates, his willingness to tackle the issue of welfare even if his policies have been contradictory, and the deeply entrenched mistrust of Nixon, all help. Unemployment amongst blacks in decaying cities like Newark, Jersey City, Trenton, Camden and Patterson, is running well above the national average and the gut issues of the economy — prices, jobs, housing, and welfare reform — favour McGovern. Even so, across the state, McGovern is still well behind in the polls.

"I believe that we have registered very large numbers of black voters who are going to use that power in New Jersey for McGovern," Ben Jones claims. "The polls don't reflect what's going on inside our community. We are just beginning to sense our strength, and on November 7 Nixon is going to feel it."



Entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr. shows his support for Nixon at an election rally at Miami Beach. Some black-owned shops have stopped selling Davis records lately. (AP)



The centre of "the market" — the corner of Lillienblum and Herzl. (Israel Sun)

CASHING IN ON THE BLACK MARKET

A black market in foreign currency has been flourishing fairly openly on the corner of Lillienblum and Herzl Streets in Tel Aviv for years. Now it has been disclosed that the Government has also dealt on the black market. MACABEE DEAN writes of the market and the people who keep it going.



A deal is done, a calculation made. (Israel Sun)

THAT the Government tried to regulate the Lillienblum Street "black market" by selling dollars there — thereby committing a "criminal" offence for which it now and then punished others — was probably one of the worst kept secrets in the State. And not only did a great many Israelis know about it; most of them considered it necessary.

Even Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir said recently that at least 10% of the 120 Knesset members knew about it. And these included Opposition members who gave their tacit consent to the Government's policy in the matter, for not one of them ever rose in the Knesset to reveal the facts in an effort to embarrass the Government. ("Although 'Ha-Olam Hazei', the weekly porno-political magazine run by Mr. Uri Avnery, M.K., did publish a lengthy muckraking exposé some years ago, citing various names by which the market was known.")

The police called it the "controlled market"; the wheelers and dealers who bought and sold dollars called it the "free market"; and those (on the whole) thoroughly reputable Israelis who came to buy and sell there called it the "grey market" — thereby cloaking their activities with a sort of respectability. The Finance Ministry referred to it by the code name, Account P.M.S.

It only needed Moshe Ley Lillienblum, the street was named, to rise from his grave and express his opinion in characteristically astingrant phrases: about the entire matter.

But there is a vast difference between a great number of people knowing something and the public admis-

sion by a responsible and respected person: who for some years was the key man as the go-between between the authorities and the black market.

This admission was made a few weeks ago in the Jerusalem District Court when Mr. Yosef Voet, former general manager of the Union (Igdud) Bank, was called to the witness stand before Judge Zvi Eli Baker.

On trial was Mr. Shlomo Isaac, found guilty of smuggling large sums of foreign currency out of the country. His defence attorney, Mr. Shlomo Toussia-Cohen, in an effort to mitigate the sentence called Mr. Voet in an attempt to show that Mr Isaac's offence was not so great — for had not the Finance Ministry itself dabbled in the black market.

Two laws?

And if this were so, Mr. Toussia-Cohen implied, a long line of prominent figures, in and outside the Government, should also be charged. Was there one law for the average citizen and another for the Government?

Mr. Voet appealed to the Finance Ministry for advice. The Ministry advised him to testify, but preferably in a manner, concurring in his view that he must protect bank secrecy at all costs, since revealing the affairs of clients, the bulk of the country's economy would go underground, and it would be impossible to obtain funds for development. And since loss of faith in a currency has a vicious and self-perpetuating effect, it is necessary to break the circle from the start or at least to slow it down as much as possible.

In the early days, the small-time rumour was enough to

set off a selling of pounds and a buying of dollars. Within a short time, three main "black market pound centres" came into existence. One was in New York, another in Geneva and the third in Tel Aviv. The Government was active in buying Israeli pounds — and thus restoring confidence in the pound — in all three of them. The New York market gradually faded almost completely out of existence; that in Geneva dwindled in importance but the one in Tel Aviv flourished.

Mr. Sapir told a television audience that he did not care to discuss the "moral aspects" of his acts; however, he thought that he, and the others involved, had acted in a "moral manner."

STRANGELY enough, the price of the black market dollar in Lillienblum Street is fixed by the diamond industry. It works this way:

There can be little control by the authorities over the actual diamonds bought and sold. Diamonds are not only small objects, but their value varies with fluctuations of the economy in any foreign country. If times are bad, few people buy diamonds. If times are good, many people buy them. So they do where there is galloping inflation.

When a Tel Aviv diamond merchant — maybe we should say Ramat Gan, for that is the home of the Hebrew exchange — buys raw stones abroad, he obtains an allocation of, say, \$100,000 from the Treasury. And he signs an "obligation" to repay this \$100,000 plus interest, which may amount to \$20,000, and the money he earns on polishing them (the added value).

And what if he decides to sell the diamonds on the local Israeli Market? He must use the pounds he makes to buy dollars.

But in any case, the business of the diamond merchant is buying and selling diamonds. Buying and selling dollars is only in most cases a small sideline; and he wants to buy these dollars at a fixed price, otherwise he will be at the mercy of the black market.

This was where the Government stepped in. The price of the black market dollar had to be "regulated."

The Union Bank, which serves the diamond trade, and which had an interest in the future and prosperity of this vital sector of Israel's exports, was asked to regulate the price of the black dollar.

Small sideline

Mr. Voet was asked to handle the matter, for he was known to be not only entirely honest and dependable, but a man who could keep his mouth shut.

And thus "Account P.M.S." was born. The initials are taken from the Hebrew spelling of Mr. Voet's name and the names of Mr. Raphael Molcho, now of the Discount Bank, and Mr. David Shoham, of the Finance Ministry. In Lillienblum Street, the account was called Pamaash — Pitaadon Matbea Shakor or black market currency deposit, a play on the legal Pamaash, the Pitaadon Matbea Zar, or Foreign Currency Deposit.

Every day, according to Lillienblum Dealers, an agent of the bank used to come down for dollars to meet his obligation. If he makes more than

(Continued on next page)



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Cashing in on the 'mart'

(Continued from previous page)

Lillienblum Street and its surroundings. If he sensed a tendency for the dollar to rise, he began selling dollars to force the price down. (He rarely had to worry about the price falling.) Some days, he sold "considerable sums," some days nothing. Some months, he sold day after day; some months, he did not sell anything.

Question of morality

Was all this moral? If you ask most people in the financial, economic and banking fields, they will say yes. (Although they will admit that Dr. Y. Nebenzahl, the State Comptroller, was dead against it.)

"If the Bank of England steps in today to buy sterling on the free market," goes the argument, "why shouldn't the Finance Ministry here do the same and buy pounds? It is all for the good of the country. Almost every government, aiming at stabilizing its currency, uses this as one method of accomplishing the desired results."

THE matter, of course, is somewhat different. The Bank of England is not violating any law; the Finance Ministry of Israel is.

But throughout the years, arrests in Lillienblum have been few and far between, and even then, usually only when the dealer has been suspected of something else, such as handling stolen goods.

Nevertheless, when a dealer gets too big for his boots, and begins influencing the price, or when he begins smuggling huge sums of money out of the country, the authorities do move in.

But the small dealers who go free — you can see about 50 every day at the corner of Lillienblum and Herzl Streets — all make a play of doing something illegal. By this — hiding dollars in a shoe, taking you into a back alley, or taking you to a confederate who has the dollars — they often persuade the unwary buyer or seller, especially tourists, to lower the price of the pounds he is selling by a few agorot.

In Lillienblum Street, they still tell the story of a fairly high-ranking police officer, who made up his mind to wipe out the black market. The dealers — at least so they say — told him to "take it easy, Mister," since the Government was involved. He refused to believe them.

"Give us IL100,000 in marked bills and within two hours we'll bring you dollars from a most respectable place. And we'll tell you where to go and find your marked pounds." The officer, so the story goes, made his own private investigations without risking the IL100,000. When he became convinced that the Government was involved, he resigned from the police force.

"But most police officers turn a blind eye," Lillienblum Street will tell you. The dealers have at least one, to the personal knowledge of this writer, even complained to the police. This was when a bunch of hoodlum pimps, and their whores, invaded the area.

"It was disgraceful," one dealer told me, with a straight face. "They not only drove the tourists away, but they lowered the tone of the entire neighbourhood."

The Street people point out that the main black market activity in the U.S. is not foreign currency dealings but slipping dollars out of the country without paying income tax on them; and that the destination of these dollars is Switzerland. "There is no reason," they pontificate, "why Tel Aviv should not become another 'Switzerland'; allow the free passage of currencies and we could achieve it."

WHO buys dollars — and it is mainly dollars, although lately the German mark has been assuming much greater importance — in the black market?

The diamond merchants have already been discussed. Israelis going abroad are another category. The \$250 allowance they receive is generally not nearly enough for their trip and they buy dollars to supplement it. Since the price today is only IL4.40, some 20 agorot above the legal price, they are only paying a very small premium. They will more than make up for this on clothes or other items bought more cheaply abroad.

A third group consists of parents who have sons and daughters studying at foreign universities. They wish to supplement the monthly allowance the Government grants them.

And since the Six Day War, many of the tens of thousands of Arabs who work in Israel, come to Lillienblum to convert their Israeli pounds into foreign currency — strangely enough, more often than not into the Jordanian dinar.

Still another category is the drug pushers. They dare not bank their earnings, and they do not care to put their pounds in safe deposit boxes. Besides, they need dollars to buy more drugs.

Emigrants

Israelis who are emigrating are also heavy buyers. It is often difficult for them to transfer their funds abroad legally. Moreover, they generally don't want to let the authorities know how much they are taking with them, or how much they have. These might be tax questions.

Then there are the Israelis who buy dollars (or German marks, or other currencies) as a hedge against inflation or devaluation, or use the dollars to buy foreign stocks which are registered in the names of relatives abroad.

And who are the sellers? Tourists sell dollars, but much less than is supposed, for they can obtain large discounts, often more than 15 per cent, by buying goods in approved shops while the black market will give them only about a five per cent premium. However, many a tourist, sitting in a cafe in Hazyarkon Street, finds himself sitting next to a respectable Israeli who spins a tale of woe: his son (or daughter) is studying abroad, and he would like to send him a few extra dollars. Would the gentleman (or lady) with the kind face sell him some dollars at the official rate? The tourist loses nothing, and he helps a poor, struggling Israeli family educate a child.

Another group is returning Israeli tourists. Many of them, strangely enough, don't use up all their \$250 allowance. Again, there is a large group of people who obtain foreign currency as tips in

hotels or as sales staff in shops, and so on. The waiters and bell-hops and guides come to Lillienblum Street; the salesmen buy the dollars back out of their own tills at the legal rate and then sell them in Lillienblum.

And there is still a much larger category; businessmen who make money abroad. Their influence on the black market is tremendous. Let us say, for example, that an artist goes abroad with a portfolio of pictures and the fortunate man sells them all. What are his pictures worth? Just as much as the buyer will pay; there is no other valuation. If he sells them for \$500 each, say, he can come back and declare that he sold them for \$100 each. On that he may have to pay about 70 per cent income tax, leaving him with \$30, or IL126 a picture. He does not declare the remaining \$400. If he sells those dollars in Lillienblum, he will get some IL1,700, instead of the IL504 he would be left with if he paid tax on them. Our extremely high income tax is, therefore, one of the reasons why Israelis go to the black market.

Another group consists of new immigrants who convert currency and goods into dollars in their country of origin and convert their dollars into Israeli pounds on the black market when they get here.

Three markets

IT will surprise most people to learn that "Lillienblum Street" is only a concept. There are, in effect, three black markets in Tel Aviv, and the one in Lillienblum, where the sidewalk and hut-on-hole passersby, is the smallest — and the poorest. It is, according to those in the know, the tip of the iceberg which projects above the sea.

There is a second centre in the Rehov Ahad Ha'am — Sderot Rothschild — Rehov Herzl — and Rehov Nahlat Binyamin area. But here the dealers more often than not sit in cafes, or even in small offices, and do not appear so conspicuously on the sidewalk. This second area is said to have as many dealers as the first — between 50 and 100; the figure dwindles in bad times, swells in good times — but they are said to handle much larger sums, since they do not deal with the "street trade." They also deal in gold, some even specializing in that metal.

The third black market is scattered throughout Tel Aviv — throughout all Israel, for that matter. It does not deal with the actual sale and purchase of dollars or even gold. It has refined itself to such an extent that it uses "transfers." Let us say that good Uncle Joe in the U.S. wishes to send his nephew Moshe a birthday present of \$1,000. He does not write a cheque, but goes to a dealer in New York. This dealer writes a letter to his representative in Israel, asking if he has seen Mr. Moshe Ploni, of a such-and-such an address, lately? Why doesn't he drop round and give him a thousand warm American kisses?

These transfers, all too often, are not between relatives but between businessmen and the sums involved can be huge.

The sums earned by the men who work in the three different areas vary considerably. Those in Lillienblum Street itself may earn anything between IL500 and

IL1,000; those in the Ahad Ha'am area, between IL1,000 and IL2,000; and those working in the "transfer" racket, much greater sums. None of them, as far as is known, pays income tax.

As a rule, all of them have a "cover." Those in plush offices, of course, are businessmen, and generally run a legitimate business. The others are on pension, or disabled, or have part-time legitimate jobs, or are "unable to find work." The number of men in late middle-age out "on the street" is surprising.


How much money changes hands daily on the black market? No one really knows. Some say as much as one million dollars. If a dealer makes a quarter of one per cent — he buys for IL4.40 and sells for IL4.41 — this means that

about \$2,500 a day in all is pulled in as commissions. If this is divided among 200 men, it means that the average earning per dealer is about \$12, or more than IL50.

THE authorities have stated that they have not interfered in the black market since 1967. Is this correct? According to Lillienblum Street it is not exactly so. It will be recalled that the originally stated purpose was to prevent the pound from fluctuating. Lillienblum says that today it is done in a much more simple way. Several leading "businessmen" have taken over the function; if dollars are in demand in Lillienblum Street, the excess sources in the diamond market are tapped, and vice versa. But, they point out, this is possible only as long as the pound is considered a sound currency — as it is today in many circles — and as long as there are no sudden and huge demands to buy dollars, and no sudden deluge


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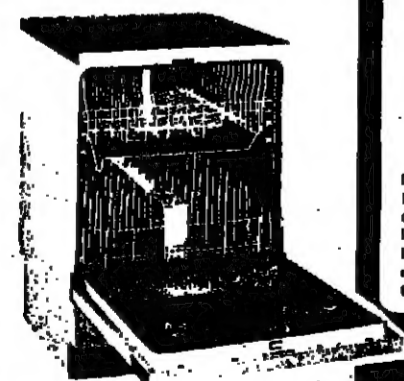


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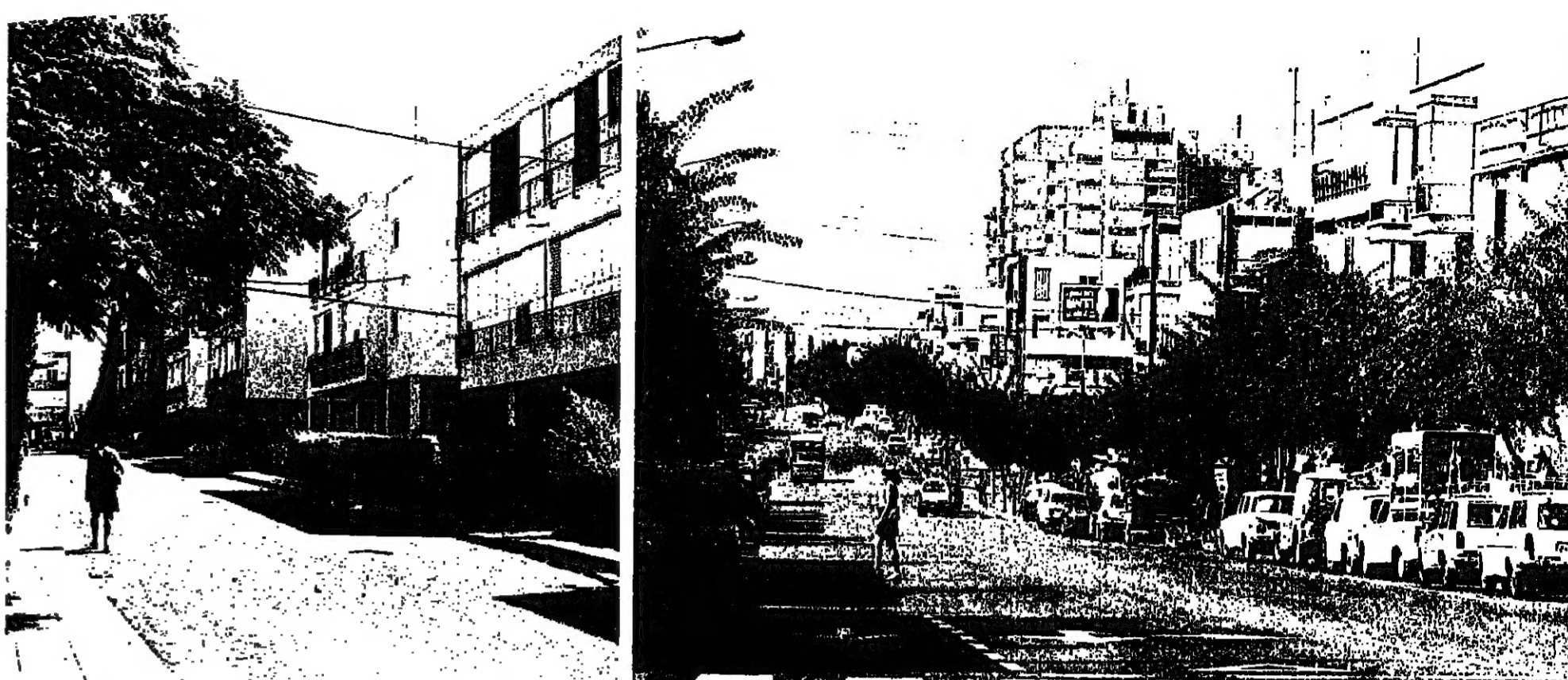
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Holon's one possible claim to uniqueness — the limits which are imposed on the size of buildings. In this street it is two storeys, four apartments. (Israel Sun)

Looking down the main street, Rehov Sokolov. The picture embraces almost the whole length. (Israel Sun)

Israel's Anytown

HOLON's most distinctive trait is that there is really nothing distinctive about it. Or so most of its residents believe. They often say that they live in the country's most boring town. They feel that Holon is no more than a lackluster satellite of the bright star that is nearby Tel Aviv and they know that it is never likely to be a bustling, "with-it" urban centre in its own right.

All Holon can do is relish being the perfect epitome of the average Israeli community. There isn't even any downtown area to speak of — only one main street, very much like the celebrated American small town. It is, however, also markedly devoid of the more Levantine phenomena which mark the livelier Tel Aviv and Bat Yam cityscapes — namely, peddling, begging and filth.

Holon is largely a middle-middle-class town, whose residents form a fair cross-section of Israeli society. To borrow an American phrase, I would almost be tempted to call Holon

Holon Mayor Pinhas Eylon is pleased that his city is not a 'swinging' one. But what in fact is it? POST Reporter SARAH

HONIG investigates. This is the second in a series of articles dealing with the cities of Israel and their mayors.

mostly by the local authority. Mayor Eylon has no big city ambitions for Holon. Its growth has been remarkable enough in the last decade, and he openly admits to deliberately slowing down the processing of applications for building permits.

the capital of Middle Israel — the Jewish state's equivalent of Anytown, Kansas, with no inferiority complexes. Mayor Pinhas Eylon certainly has none. This is precisely the image he wishes to project for his town and he is visibly content that it lives up so faithfully to the ideal of a tranquil community of workers and family men which it was meant to be when it was founded in 1938.

True to its image as a very average city, Holon is architecturally, too, the epitome of the average. Most of its streets have a uniform look; with block after block of four-storey apartments, although there are some neighbourhoods where the buildings rise to anything between seven and 12 storeys and others where the maximum size of an apartment house is two storeys containing six flats.

Long dubbed a "red town," Holon was, and remains to this day — though with markedly less ardour — a Mapai stronghold. Mayor Eylon and his Labour ticket have been voted into office with monotonous regularity every four years since 1952, and he is now, in his fifth term, the doyen of Israel's mayors. Even now, municipal employees complain that their union is so party-political in its orientation that their interests often get neglected. But Pinhas Eylon still has the backing of nearly 60 per cent of the voters in a town where the Gahal opposition is too weak to make itself felt at all.

For him, a party functionary from his youth and a self-made man who rose from the ranks of city officialdom, Holon is the direct descendant of Kiryat Avoda and ought still to embody the values of its early days. That is why he finds his town's image as it is today so pleasing.

"I admit this isn't a swinging city," he says happily. "You won't find many people who spend their days at sidewalk cafes here. Eighty per cent of our breadwinners are working people, who come home in the afternoon and look forward to spending the evening in their comfortable slippers, with the wife and kids around."

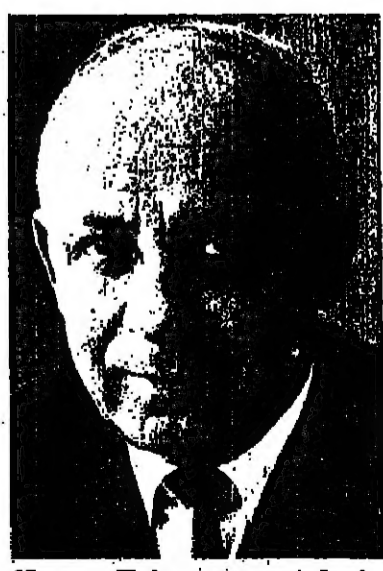
"First I want to see an infrastructure — water, electricity, schools, stores — then I'll build homes," he says. While other Dan Region cities aspire to be bigger and more spectacular, Mayor Eylon has brought in zoning regulations which prevent builders from constructing houses of more than two storeys in some areas — and this despite pressures by contractors in a boom period.

"I feel that a city with a population of more than 250,000 is too big. The resident becomes an anonymous cipher. I don't want Holon to grow larger than that and I won't be heartbroken if it takes 20 years to reach that size. I'd rather have us a little less crowded and not rubbing noses with the neighbours across the balconies."

(Continued on page 10)



Back in 1938, Pinhas Eylon, now Mayor, working as a labourer in an orange grove in the Sharon.



Mayor Eylon... voted in every time since 1952.

Holon: Israel's Anytown

(Continued from page 9)
that makes Mayor Eylon oppose the idea of Tel Aviv's Mayor Rabinowitz of a confederation between all the cities of the Dan Region.

"I'm against extremes. A super-city of a million residents is an impersonal place. We can do very well with a limited unification to deal with specific matters such as sewage, garbage disposal, higher education, special services, road construction and, most of all, public transportation," he argues.

Nevertheless, he is convinced that the present situation is catastrophic. "If we continue with each city going its own way, with no coordination and cooperation, the people of the whole area will be raising curses on all us mayors twenty years from now."

The close interdependence between Holon and Tel Aviv fits his vision of the cooperation to come. Although they are now linked by a virtually unbroken line of built-up areas, he refuses to regard Holon as a suburb of Tel Aviv or to see it as a dormitory town, pointing out that the industrial zone provides jobs for a large proportion of Holonites and even for some Tel Avivians.

'Can't have all'

"No one city can have everything, and there is nothing wrong with the residents of one metropolitan area availing themselves of services to be found outside the limits of their own home town. If not, we would have senseless duplication. The Dan Region doesn't need more than one Mann Auditorium or national theatre," Mr. Eylon contends.

On the other hand, it was his determination that Holon should have a place on Israel's higher education map that inspired his maverick scheme for the technical college which, with its 500 students, is now an integral part of Tel Aviv University.

Mayor Eylon's urban philosophy also includes his ideas on how a town ought to be run — and of those he has plenty. He should, too, be the chairman of the Union of Local Authorities, where one of his most noteworthy achievements is having made both the Government and the Labour Party powers-that-be lend the municipalities an ear when considering urban issues. But theories aside, Mayor Eylon quite openly and unashamedly admits that he does not run his own city according to all those principles which he himself endorses and recommends.

And this is no manifestation of a contemptuous, brazen attitude. He truly believes in many ideas which he does not implement.

"I believe in a more liberal, de-centralized city administration, rather than in a tightly controlled authoritarian one. I feel that officials and department heads ought to be given as free a hand as possible. This means that ideally, the mayor should not be involved and interfere in every minute aspect of city business," he says, but hastens to explain that "unfortunately, I myself cannot act that way. It's not my nature. I can't sit still and not know what's going on and exactly what everyone is doing. I'm a perfectionist and every detail bothers me."

THERE was no doubting the accuracy of this statement when, clad in red and white pyjamas, he gave me a bedside interview in his small, one-storey home. He had an attack of flu and it was also his vacation, but he still seemed to be running things. The telephone kept interrupting our conversation, and it was all city business. Cheques were brought in from City Hall to be signed, and documents to be studied. The city clerk dropped in to discuss some problems and the city spokesman kept bringing other problems to Mr. Eylon's attention throughout the interview. A few minutes were grudgingly spared for the doctor, who came to see how his patient was doing, and then business was resumed.

Unperturbed

Mr. Eylon was entirely unperturbed. "I know I'm ill, but I can't stand being confined to bed. I put a lot more time into running this city than my seven daily hours in the office anyway, and I can't afford to get sick except when I'm on vacation — and not even then. For years, people have been trying to get me to do things in a more conventional way so that city business doesn't consume so much of my time. But that would be going against my nature," says the mayor, making a note on the cigarette pack which serves him as a memo pad.

His unconventional methods of administration are notorious around City Hall. Some municipal employees go so far as to call him a strongman, but all marvel at the fact that "he knows everything and has a hand in everything." Examples abound. Holon recently put out a street guide. "Mr. Eylon glanced casually at the

list," one man told me, "and started pointing out errors regarding various small side alleys that most of us barely even knew existed. It's uncanny."

The mayor nodded when I asked if this was true. "I've got a good sense of smell and I sniff a lot. Besides, I also walk around town a great deal. Several times a week I tour different neighborhoods and no one even knows I've been there. I come away with impressions and conclusions."

But Mr. Eylon also has other ways of keeping himself informed. He personally reads all official mail coming into City Hall, whether it is addressed directly to him or not, and so no complaint escapes him.

Another unconventional aspect of Mayor Eylon's working methods is that he does not let the hierarchy of officials at his municipality play the role generally attributed by sociologists and political scientists to the functionaries in a bureaucratic structure.

"I don't go through channels and I ignore the hierarchy which exists here," he admits frankly. "I refuse to conform to a system which doesn't allow me to talk to any clerk save through the deputy mayor, who then speaks to the department head, who then speaks to the divisional director, who then speaks to his secretary, who finally speaks to the clerk. Me, if I want to find out anything, I call the clerk direct, even if it means getting several heads of departments terribly sore at me."

Antagonisms

One reason for his "nostiness," Mr. Eylon tells me, is that "everywhere in Israel, even in the Government, we suffer from acute interdepartmental antagonisms. These, for some reason, were the patterns forged by this country's founding fathers. Everyone worries only about his own limited area of responsibility. We've got excellent soloists, who can't function as an ensemble and this makes the mayor a sort of conductor who must be in on everything."

"Another reason is that, as he says in his characteristically earthy manner, "a mayor is no different from a housewife, only he works on a larger scale. A homemaker has to worry about all sorts of details — a little administration, cleaning, education, adding a touch of something decorative — just like the mayor."

Were he an ordinary resident of Holon, would he be satisfied with the city as it now is? From his reply, I guess that if he were plain Pinhas Eylon, he would give Mayor Eylon a very hearty and congratulatory pat on the back.

"Generally the city is efficiently run and the standard of municipal services is high. In the light of the extremely severe financial plight of all municipalities in Israel, I think we are making a very fine job of running Holon."

The truth is that his is not vain boasting. His city administration emerges quite favourably from comparisons with the administrations of the other nine cities which, together with Holon, constitute the ten largest in the country. Even the State Comptroller paid the administration some compliments in his last report on the municipality — something he does not often do nowadays.

Still, things are by no means entirely idyllic. IL2m. were squandered on a Bible City Amusement Park project that never got off the ground. Now, instead of turning the area at the entrance to town into a large park for the benefit of all Holonites, this lucrative piece of publicly-owned real estate is to be turned over to the Histadrut for the construction of Israel's first "Workers' Country Club" for only 6,000 members, many of them not even Holonites. Mayor Eylon, however, insists that most of the problems of running this city of 110,000 residents, on a budget of just over IL42.5m. are not of his making and are beyond his control.

"Take the labour market, for instance. We're operating under a severe shortage of manpower. We can't compete with the private market. A small construction job that should take only three months drags on for two years. We can't get architects. We have to woo contractors who demand inflated prices and then get hopelessly behind schedule

because they can't get labour."

He recalls that "a few weeks ago a group of people wrote to me saying that our standard of sanitation is not what is used to be. I replied that they might not know that more than hundred of our sanitation workers come from the Administered Territories. Following the Munich massacre and the letter-bomb murder in London, they stayed away from work — and that was during the High Holiday season, when our Jewish workers were off as well. The ordinary resident doesn't want to know this and from his own point of view he's right. Then, of course, there are the Moslem holy days. And the Jewish workers often just take the day off without notice to earn extra money on a construction job somewhere.

"I can't even find a deputy city engineer," the mayor complains. "We've been looking for one for two years. We offer special terms and a special contract but the private market is more attractive."

Mayor Eylon sighs, takes another long puff at his cigarette and takes a final comment. "These days, all housewives have problems finding suitable household help."

The Grand Dame of Israel's theatre

Sarah Wilkinson talks with Miriam Bernstein-Cohen, actress, director, translator



Miriam Bernstein-Cohen with film director Steve H. Stern during work on "Neither by Day nor by Night."

"THE grand old lady of the Israeli stage" and "a great actress" — these were descriptions given of Miriam Bernstein-Cohen when she attended the recent Berlin Film Festival as star in the award-winning official Israeli entry, "Neither by Day Nor By Night."

Now in her late seventies, Miriam Bernstein-Cohen has played a leading role in Israel's theatrical life as actress, director and teacher. Sitting with her in her modest apartment in one of the older sections of Tel Aviv, it is difficult to imagine that this handsome woman, with her fine complexion, beautiful wavy hair and neat figure is in her late seventies. "Maybe," she says, "it's because I'm optimistic and forward-looking. Even now. And that seems to give me the strength to cope with a lot of things at a time."

Her home is very different from what one would expect an actress to be. There are lots of photographs, but only one of Miriam Bernstein-Cohen herself, and that taken with her daughter when the latter was a child. The portrait of another actress hangs on a wall: Eleonora Duse. Otherwise, all the photos are family ones: her son, a rose-grower in Kibbutz Palmachin; her daughter, married to actor Yitzhak Shilo; and her three grandchildren. There are many vases of flowers, and shelves full of books. Mrs. Bernstein-Cohen, who is fluent in Hebrew, Russian, English, French and German, has done a great number of translations into Hebrew — including novels by Tolstoy and Mann — and has written an autobiography, "Drop in the Sea" and a book of short stories, "Between Day and Day."

MIRIAM Bernstein-Cohen is very proud of the fact that she was the first "really professional actress" to appear in this country. She first came to Palestine with her parents in 1907. Her father was a physician and a well-known Zionist — "he used to be called Herzl's Russian right hand" — and he came to Yavneel at the invitation of PICA — the Palestine Jewish Colonization Association. Her memories of that time are always being "either on the back of a horse or playing acting."

In 1911 the family returned to Russia and to her father, "I wanted Miriam to be a doctor, too; she studied medicine

at Kharkov University. But the call of the stage proved too strong and she studied acting first at Kharkov, and then under Stanislavsky in Moscow, when she made a number of stage appearances.

It was 1921 before she arrived back in Palestine. She was immediately offered the part of Nora in Ibsen's "Doll's House" which was being presented by David Davidov's "Hebrew Theatre."

Her various appearances continued to draw praise and some time later she added the role of director to that of actress, first directing the "Hebrew Theatre," which Davidov had left owing to ill health, and then the newly formed "Dramatic Theatre." The latter's first production was Ibsen's "Ghosts," with Mrs. Bernstein-Cohen as Mrs. Alving and Michael Goor, her husband (her third), as Pastor Manders. Eventually she found the combination of directing and acting too much of a burden, and some two years after her first appearance on the Hebrew stage she and four other members of the company left for Germany to study and perform.

Berlin venture

With Menahem Gnessin (one of the founders of Habimah) as their artistic director, the group, plus its new members, started a Hebrew theatre in Berlin — TAI, Teatron Bretz Israel. The first production was "Belshazzar," with Miriam Bernstein-Cohen as Rachel, a slave girl, and Michael Goor as the King. The actress remembers that they played in packing houses and the production was considered a theatrical event.

After her return to Palestine, Mrs. Bernstein-Cohen continued to appear with the company until it fell on bad times and disintegrated. She then began making many solo appearances, travelled abroad "from Finland to South Africa," playing sometimes in Hebrew, sometimes in the language of the country she was appearing in. During a prolonged stay in Palestine she founded her own "Israel Comedy Theatre," and when that met with difficulties, toured the country in solo appearances. She did another tour abroad, returning to Palestine just before the outbreak of World War II.

"My military service was in the form of appearances for the Jewish units," she says. After the war, her activities included solo performances abroad on behalf of the Keren Kayemet. In 1952, she became a member of the Cameri Theatre. Her first appearance with them was in "Arsenic and

Old Lace" her last, in 1967, in Shaw's "Major Barbara." Actually she should have retired from the Cameri some time before she did, "but both the theatre and I forgot about my age."

Looking back over her years with the Cameri, she recalls especially her parts in "The Good Woman of Setzuan" by Brecht, Kafka's "The Castle," Lorca's "Yerma," and "Romeo and Juliet." A role she particularly liked was that of a Kurdish woman in Joseph Ben Joseph's "Tura," a story of vengeance, a daughter killed to preserve the family honour. "It was a very dramatic character part, the type of part I like best."

THE part of Sokolova in "Neither by Day Nor by Night" — the story of the relationship between an elderly teacher recovering her sight after an operation for cataract and a young American soldier whose eye surgery has been unsuccessful — was not new for Miriam Bernstein-Cohen, for she had played it 350 times on the stage in the play by the late Avraham Raz which the film is based on.

A co-production by Motion Pictures International of Los Angeles and Mordechai Slonim Productions of Tel Aviv, the film (which is due to be screened in Israel shortly) won two awards in Berlin: the International Writers' Guild Prize for the best script — a great triumph for scriptwriters Giza Slonim and BH Cohen — and the annual ODLAC prize in memory of Mahatma Gandhi.

Mrs. Bernstein-Cohen much enjoyed working with the American director of the film, Steve H. Stern. "A very talented and sympathetic personality," she says. "The Israelis in the cast included Dalia Friedland and Misha Asherov, and at the Berlin Festival, 'people seemed to go out of their way to be nice to us.' She herself was very flattered when President Heinemann recognized her at a party — not from the film, but from seeing her on television."

One of her most interesting encounters was with a young Egyptian woman journalist. "We had a long talk — no politics, just theatre and film. But when I suggested that we have our photo taken together, she became quite alarmed and said 'Better not!'"

"Neither by Day Nor. By Night" is Miriam Bernstein-Cohen's fourth Israeli film — the other three are "The Story

of a Car," "Fortuna," and "The Highway Queen" — but her screen career began in Germany back in 1925, when she played in a UFA production called "Journey Round the World," as well as in two other films.

FOR some years Mrs. Bernstein-Cohen taught voice production and enunciation at Beit Zvi in Ramat Gan. She believes there is a lot of young acting talent in Israel today, but "the young people do not understand what a beautiful thing it is to build up a career step by step, to go from 'not bad' to 'good' and from 'better' to 'best.' They want to be at the top right away and they tend to disregard what they learnt while they were training. An actor must read, observe and ponder. A performance must be 'calculated,' although it shouldn't appear to be."

What she does lament is the dearth of worthwhile original Hebrew plays. She has been a member of many play selection committees and complains that Israeli playwrights keep asking what others have written — there's too little feeling of authenticity but too much rewriting of Ionesco, Pinter, Albee and others.

Talking of her work as a director, Mrs. Bernstein-Cohen says, "I don't like directing a play. I'm appearing in. Either I act or I direct, but not both together." This summer, however, she did produce and star in a double bill of two short plays by Avraham Raz — "The Return of Ina Garfinkel" and "At Mikulinsky's."

She is thinking of reviving Marguerite Duras' "Days Among the Trees," which has "a wonderful character part" and had a very successful run in 1967. She has been approached by West German television for a number of shows and has been offered a part in a film to be directed by Yosef Yizraeli. She is also planning a novel. Slowing down and taking things easy do not fit into Miriam Bernstein-Cohen's way of thinking.



The actress as Sokolova in "Neither by Day nor by Night." The film, a joint Israel-American production, is expected to be shown in Tel Aviv in December.

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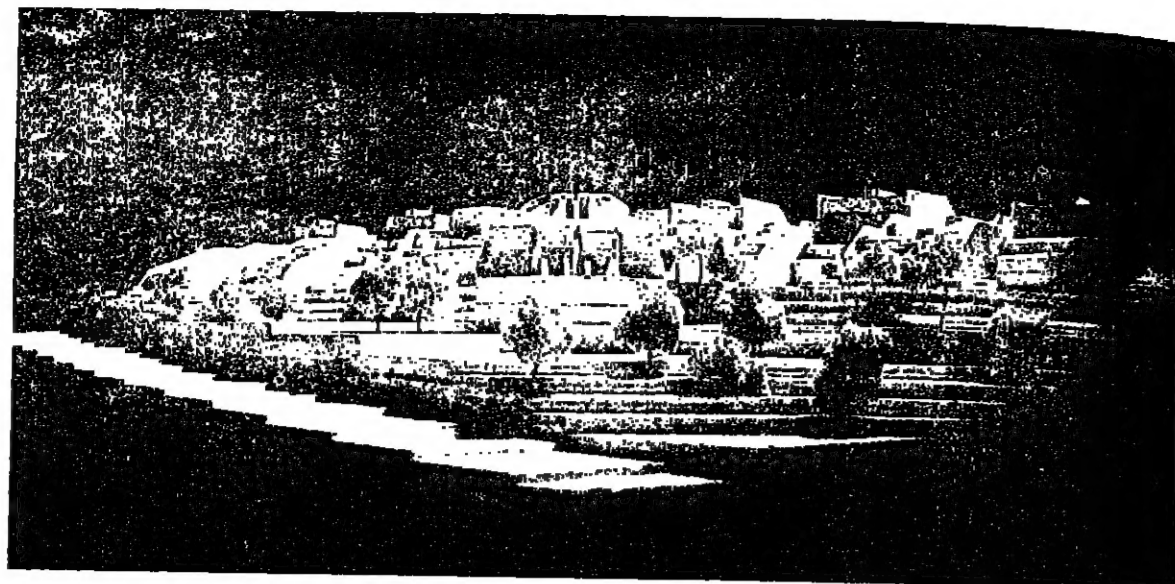
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9th NATIONAL BOARD CONFERENCE

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For more than 90 years ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation through Training) has been serving Jews and Jewish communities all over the globe through its network of vocational and technical training centers in countries on five continents. And for more than 40 years Women's American ORT has helped support, enlarge and advance this effort.

A membership organization headquartered in New York

City, with 800 chapters comprising of 110,000 members functioning in 40 regions throughout the U.S., Women's American ORT is one of the major Jewish organizations in America and the largest individual ORT organization in the world. It is presently headed by Mrs. David M. Goldring, National President; Mrs. Jack Eisenberg, Chairman of the National Executive Committee; and Mr. Nathan Gould, Executive Vice-President and National Executive Director.



Mrs. DAVID M. GOLDRING
National President
Women's American ORT



Mrs. JACK EISENBERG
Chairman National
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Mr. NATHAN GOULD
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Mr. JOSEPH HAEMATE
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ORT Israel

WAO support for every aspect of ORT operations is evidenced in its seven overseas projects, often referred to in WAO circles as "The Seven Flames of Life." In brief, these projects are:

MOT (Maintenance of ORT Training in top-level high school and junior college courses); EPIC (Earning Power Improvement Courses for youth apprenticeship and adult advancement); School Building; Health (school

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ORT schools in Israel have benefited greatly from all seven facets of this program.

The Ninth National Board Conference is the first WAO conference to be held in an ORT country of operation. All concerned believe it fitting that such a significant first in the organization's history should take place in Jerusalem. Over 600 delegates and some 1,000 friends will attend the event, arrangements for which were made under the co-chairmanship of Mrs. Leonard Minkoff and Mrs. Henry Pressman.



Mr. Y. ALLON, Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Education addressing guest audience at FOUNDATION SCROLL EMBLEMMENT CEREMONY of the ORT School of Engineering at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem.



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"ORT Day" activities are held throughout the length and breadth of the U.S. In honour of the work of OET throughout the world, street signs are changed and proclamations are issued by governors and mayors in more than 50 states.



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THE ORT ISRAEL NETWORK

In 24 years, the ORT Israel network of vocational and technical training centers has grown from one school in makeshift quarters in the bombed-out area of Old Jaffa to a modern nationwide complex of more than 76 institutions, including:

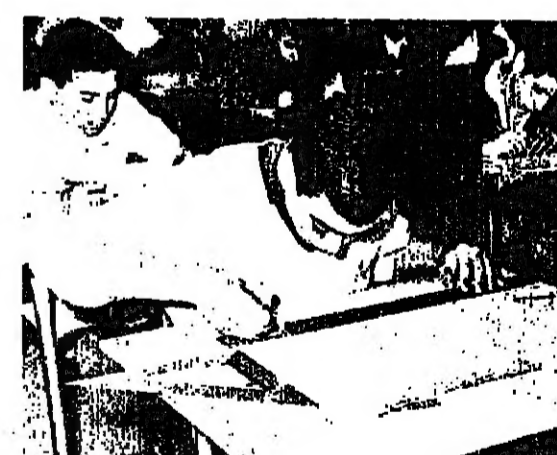
- 5 Pre-vocational schools and junior high schools
- 6 Apprenticeship centres and pre-apprenticeship schools
- 9 Industrial schools
- 8 Vocational schools associated with yeshivot and other subsidized institutions
- 1 Fashion Trades Seminary
- 1 ORT Institute for Adults
- 42 Technical colleges
- 42 Technical and vocational high schools



INDIA: a workshop in metal work at the ORT Polytechnic in Bombay.



IRAN: Fashion design class in ORT girls' school in Tehran.



ARGENTINA: on the way to becoming laboratory technicians in industrial chemistry.



FRANCE: High school level course in drafting, ORT Montreuil Center.

Seeking escape in the alleys of Jerusalem



In the Jaffa Gate in the Old City. Brother can you spare a light? (Mike Goldberg)

by SHLOMO SHOHAM

THE New Levantines are abroad in the land. From all over the world they come: pale-faced, blond- or ginger-bearded British youths asking for a hash-pusher in an Oxford accent; German girls fleeing the beer and sausage kraut and ordung-musseln and following the sun to Israel, land of cheap abortions; and the young refugees from Brooklyn running away from the need to become a *mensch* which means making at least a few dollars more than young Harry, Yaahka the watchmakers' son. All of them have come from tool-oriented cultures, from societies of builders and doers, to absorb a culture of symbolic hedonism, self-effacement and mystical union in the alleys of Old Jerusalem.

New Levantinism

Most of them have failed pitifully. All they have managed to do is hybridize a new strain of Levantinism. The Levantine, the resident of the Levant, became the archetype of a foreign culture; the bourgeoisie of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, who acquired a French leaquer or a British polish for their indigenous culture and mores. Levantinism was largely a hangover from the political gluttony of European cultures in Asia and Africa. In the not-too-distant past, the spirit of Europe was a carnivore, devouring less predatory cultures than its own. On its way it left many victims; Levantinism is one of the scar-tissues.

European culture, however, followed Spengler's design. It towered in scientific and technical achievement to nuclear physics and space flight; but it declined in spirit. Western culture is tired, desiccated and without purpose. Towards the last quarter of the 20th century, there seems to be an almost universal preoccupation in the West with meaninglessness, helplessness and despair.

In literature and drama, in painting, sculpture, music and the cinema; the bizarre, the macabre, the incomprehensible, authentic impotence, phony love and false emotions, religious orgies and orgies of

inverted aesthetics. In the behavioural and social sciences there is an abundance of the "lonely crowd" literature. It documents with amazing zeal and detail the "mass culture" of modern society. The atomized, urban individual is not a master of his "life plan"; he is a helpless cog in the vast machinery of modern industrial, commercial and bureaucratic structures. The individual is completely subjugated to the needs of technology, organization and consumption.

Western youth runs away from all this. It cannot wait until the "Greening of America" reaches its nth level of consciousness and sweeps Europe with it. The trend these days is reversed: the young of the West seek revelation and guidance from the cultural victims of their ancestors. They rush to the Far-East and the Middle East, to the rarefied opium fumes of Katmandu and the hashish bubble-bubbles of Old Jerusalem.

WHEN Rudi from Zurich, after rituals of evocation and devotional contacts, is finally introduced to the hash vendor, he is admitted to a spacious, domed room. His eyes make out a dozen or so Jerusalemites, sitting on stuffed lamb-skins, their eyes fixed on a point in nowhere, their lips sucking the ivory mouthpieces of a bubbling water-pipe, their ears glued to the taped enchantments of Umm-Kalthoum, the Egyptian torch singer. Rudi, however, has some adjustment difficulties. For all his unwashed, long hair, the dirt under his finger-nails and his sweat-soaked blue dominos, he cannot bring himself to suck from the mouthpieces which so still went from the lips of the stout gentleman who has just left to return home to his four wives and innumerable children.

Rudi is impatient. He wants to get high, good and quick. In this he resembles his hard-drinking father, who makes sobriquets with his bear to get a better run for his money. So he makes a couple of "bubbles" with the hashish and

drops the mixture into the amber of the bubble-bubble—a recipe he learned from an American friend. Within a few weeks he is using a whole finger of hashish per day, which is the weekly consumption of a native Jerusalemite. Another week or two and he drops the hashish altogether; "weak stuff" is his final verdict. The owner of the hash joint emits a sigh of relief and says "good riddance." The messy foreigner did nothing but disturb his customers.

Rudi now becomes a do-it-yourself chemist, mixing "cocktails" in his portable pharmacy with barbiturates, amphetamines and a dash of acid. Finally he graduates to the opiates, "mainlining" with a safety pin and an eye dropper into pus-covered veins.

JAKE is "New Left." When he announced to his Zionist parents in Brooklyn that he was on his way to Israel to fight for the oppressed, his father pleaded with him that it is the destiny of the Jew to be oppressed and not to oppress others. Jake responded by quoting a passage from an underground paper denouncing Israel, along with Greece and Rhodesia, as the three vilest dens of oppression on earth.

In Jerusalem, Jake helped to organize a local cell of the Black Panthers. After a while, the half-dressed slim kids got bored with the "mad American" hating slogans at them in broken Hebrew. So he went looking for oppression among the Arabs of Old Jerusalem, but these were seemingly prosperous, trying to make the best of the post-Six Day War economic boom.

Jake soon tired of class injustice and social action, and decided to delve into his inner self.

He joined a group of Moslem ascetics who practiced the annihilation of awareness in the Islamic Seminary near the Al-Aqsa mosque. They would attack their dogmatism by a *concentration* on the water from the fountain near the mosque. An Israeli Arab and

ling near the water, feet tucked under their bellies, heads supported by clasped fists and eyes fixed on the drops of water. Each drop swelled and grew heavier like a ripe fig. When it dropped, it carried with it another segment of their consciousness and brought them nearer to the serenity of non-being, to partaking in Unity. Jake tried his best to concentrate on the dropping water but all it did was to make him nervous. Also he could not sit still—as his mother used to tell him at table.

Aged preacher

Jake broke away from his ascetics and sought repose in the Doms of the Rock. There he encountered the Khatib as the aged preacher descended the marble steps.

"Sir," Jake accosted the Khatib and pointed at the group of ascetics crouching around the fountain, "what do they wish to achieve?"

"Don't you know, my son," answered the preacher, "that to forget self is the supreme pleasure?"

"But how can you forget yourself, how can you?" queried Jake, in desperation.

The preacher merged with the rays of the setting sun and seemed to disappear into the valley of Hinnom. Jake wondered whether his mother wasn't right after all when she picked her teeth between the main dish and dessert and urged him to become a dentist like Uncle George.

JANET came to Jerusalem from a small town in central France. Her mother was a devout Catholic and her father a *bon-vivant*, who had had enough of marriage a few years after Janet was born. She was educated in a convent and on the very day of her graduation bought herself a T-shirt on which were printed praises of love and courses of war. She went to London as an *au-pair* and after numerous *Ban-the-Bomb* demonstrations, several boy friends and a few abortions, she met

Communist who brought her to visit the oppressed country.

On their first day in Jerusalem, Rashid took Janet to a demonstration organized by the Party in memory of the late Gamal Abd-el-Nasser. As they neared the site of the demonstration, Janet could feel the vibrations of a rushing mob reverberating through the pink limestone alleys. A vendor of Turkish-delight had his sticky hands on her lips; they smelled of sugar-dust, honey and olive oil. The hotel delivery boys, bus-boys and bell-hops stood apart from the yelling crowd, afraid of crumpling or tearing their uniforms.

At the heart of the crowd, three shipping clerks or hotel receptionists carried the leader of the demonstration on their shoulders. The leader used the rhetorical style of the Khatibs so beloved by the mob, mixing threats, laments, cajoling and scorn and signaling his audience with a slight movement of the head, to respond with applause, screams or wails.

'Take me away'

Janet felt the mob with all her senses. "What kind of Communism is this?" she lamented to Rashid. "Take me away from here." They squeezed themselves free of the crowd and climbed up Mount Scopus. From the top of the mountain they could see the Judean Desert and the salt mountains leading to the Dead Sea. The hot, dust-laden east wind tasted of sulphur and Mrs. Lot, of salt and sodomy. Further to the northeast lay the green patch of Jericho and the ruins of the White Castle of the Omayyad Caliphs. Rashid explained that they had a very elaborate water system in the palace, with a swimming pool in each bedroom, built for a Caliph whose particular pleasure was making love to his wives and concubines in the water. Rashid looked at Janet. "How about a *massage a quatre* in a swimming pool?" he teased



Above: Two visitors from Brooklyn seek some physical sustenance at Uncle Moustache's Restaurant in the Old City. (Photos Mike Goldberg)

Wanting a new life

(Continued from previous page)

at her, his full red lips twitching with unconcealed desire. Janet could picture him—a young hippopotamus mounting his females in the water. With her Catholic conditioning, sex without guilt was absurd, like hell without fire and brimstone. "Take me back!" she screamed, "Take me back!"

Rudi, Jake and Janet represent real types. There are thousands like them in Israel today, and most of them stay in Jerusalem. Their attempts to make authentic cultural contacts with the Arab population have largely failed because, for all their outward protest to the contrary, they have never ceased to pursue the goals of Western culture at an impatient and breathless pace. It does not matter that the temporary goal is a fin-

ger of hashish—the means, style and *modus operandi* are sustained by an occidental urge for achievement. The Arabs in most cases, resent the Western culture of doers. Their political and cultural contacts with the West have invariably resulted in disasters of a lesser or greater degree. For an Arab, nothing is more important than his dignity, which is entirely different from the conception of honour and chivalry of the hand-kissing European noblesse. The Arab's dignity lies, among other things, in his freedom to lose himself, without harassment by outsiders, in a water pipe of hashish, or in the water trickling slowly from a rock into the parched clay of a well.

The droves of youth coming to Jerusalem to be "turned on" have brought with them the

restlessness of America and Europe. The dignity of the Arab is enshrined in symbols, not in deeds. Western youth seeks instant mysticism and this goes against the grain of Islam; haste, says the Arab, stems from the devil. The Arab is also suspicious of the peculiar notions of revolution, progress and change that the youngsters voice so readily. He is convinced that in an area like the Middle East, any change could only be for the worse. He believes that all the ills of the region stem from the germs of Westernization imported from time to time by self-styled harbingers of progress, who have invariably brought the Arabs oppression and exploitation. Consequently he is prepared to ex-



Students from Philadelphia. The time to look if not the means to acquire.

tend a polite welcome to the emissaries of the "Woodstock Nation," because he is hospitable by tradition and by nature; but he is not inclined to help them in their quest for mystical participation. He realizes that they are trying to go through the motions of mystical experience, but they do not have the cultural background, nor the spiritual texture and perseverance, to achieve it.

The result is that the young new Levantines have not really been exposed to the symbol-oriented culture of the Middle East; they have merely brushed shoulders with its external fixtures. Worse still, for from being accepted by the local culture, they become

tourist attractions in the same class as the brick-bats sold at Damascus Gate. They serve as a colourful entertainment item "on the house" on the itinerary of Aunt Claire from Lyon, making her first pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and Uncle Zorach from Brooklyn, come to insert a prayer note in the Western Wall. The prominent members of the Woodstock Nation have thus become—horror of horrors!—institutionalized.

The sad message to the New Levantines seems to be "you ain't goin' nowhere baby, you're jes' runnin' around in circles." Professor Shoham is director of the Institute of Orientalology at Tel Aviv University.

DIAL 'M' FOR 'MUDDLE'

by EPHRAIM KISHON

FOLLOWING is the Federal German Ministry of Posts' official record of the ceremonial inauguration of the direct dialing link between Germany and Israel:

Bonn, October 10, 1972. At 10:55 a.m., as previously agreed through diplomatic channels, His Excellency the Minister of Posts of the German Federal Republic, Mr. L. Laurentz, and, facing the whirling TV cameras, dialled the number of His Excellency the Minister of Posts of the State of Israel, Mr. Simon Payress in Jerusalem: 900972233044512307, but it was engaged. At 11:02 Mr. Laurentz's again dialled 900972233044512307, but the line was still busy. His Excellency immediately dialled the above number for the third time and got Jerusalem.

"In this hour of goodwill," the Posts' Minister said in German, "when the first telecommunication link between our two countries has at last been established, though we are separated by the wide Mediterranean

Sea, permit me, Your Excellency, to say that this is an event of tremendous political significance."

"All lines are engaged," the laconic, Hebrew-language reply came over the direct wire. "Kindly hold on, and your call will be processed in due course. Thank you."

"May this direct dialing link, Your Excellency, become the starting point for an ever-deepening cooperation between our two Ministries," Mr. Laurentz retorted, but at this point the chief interpreter of the Federal Ministry of Posts, Rabbi Fiedermaus, intervened and drew His Excellency's attention to the somewhat unclear information in the Hebrew text already received. Losing no time, Mr. Laurentz again dialled 900972233044512307 and this time immediately succeeded in getting Mr. Payress' office in Jerusalem.

"In this hour of goodwill," when the first telecommunication link between our two countries has at long last been established," Mr. Laurentz began, but was promptly interrupted by

a rather aggressive female voice. Following is the verbatim transcript of the exchange in mixed English and Hebrew:

Fraulein Zipi: Get off the line! Shimon is expecting a call from Germany! Get off, are you deaf or something?

Herr Laurentz: I am calling from Bonn.

Fraulein Zipi: Dis is direct say he is? Mr. Feres, Hayke Feres wants to speak to you, later Mr. Payress put a call through the international exchange by conventional dialling and said to Mr. Laurentz:

"Now that technical progress and advanced electronic devices have made telephone conversations between our countries child's play, allow me, Mr. Minister, to express the hope that this will be only the beginning of..."

Fraulein Zipi: Trunk call, get off!

Thus ended the ceremony. It was decided to continue ties by correspondence.

duty doctor gave him a tranquilizer. Some light music came over the line. Rabbi Fiedermaus claimed that they had changed the telephone numbers in Jerusalem that morning. After only three minutes, the connection was re-established from the Israeli side:

Fraulein Zipi: Pooti, is Shimon there? Then why do they say he is? Mr. Feres, Hayke Feres wants to speak to you, later Mr. Payress put a call through the international exchange by conventional dialling and said to Mr. Laurentz:

"Now that technical progress and advanced electronic devices have made telephone conversations between our countries child's play, allow me, Mr. Minister, to express the hope that this will be only the beginning of..."

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Translated by Yohann Goldman by arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

Bicentennial of Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Hebrew translator The dark and the light



By HAROLD FISCH

SAMUEL Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was the most fascinating, as well as the most contradictory, of the English Romantic poets. Dedicated to the optimistic view of human nature, he was a fountain of feeling and a fountain of joy and creative ecstasy within him, he was at the same time subject to increasing gloom and even despair throughout his life. He was, like his friend Thomas De Quincey, an opium-addict, and, again like De Quincey also, he was a devotee of *Mater Suspirorum*, Our Lady of Sighs, the melancholy goddess of solitary places, ruined cities, and darkness.

Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection" (1802) is what its title implies, a celebration of "grief without a pang, void, dark and drear." And yet, in "Ode to Dejection" he also achieves his purest intuition of that "fair luminous mist" which lies at the heart of romanticism.

Joy, lady! to the spirit and the power,
Which, wedding Nature to us, gives us life;
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

A religion of Joy, Nature and Liberty is what Coleridge here announces. Such a religion brings with it neither "fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity" and permits him to build an altar in the fields, where the wild flowers provide the incense, the blue sky the dome of the temple and where the poet is naturally enough the priest who brings the sacrifice of his verses ("To Nature," 1822).

Coleridge did not confine such faith to the regions of poetic expression. Joy, Liberty and Nature are the key motifs in the social experiment which he and the poet Robert Southey attempted to launch in 1794. In the wake of the enthusiasm created by the French Revolution, Coleridge and some dozen friends were going to create a Utopian society on the banks of the Susquehanna river in Pennsylvania. It would be based on what he called "Fancypocracy" — a form of government in which all would be equal and all property would be shared. There would be — in addition to the liberating work in the fields — lots of books and intellectual discussion. Nothing came of it, however, as the authors of the scheme failed to agree on the details of its implementation. Coleridge was later to abandon much of his democratic idealism and to become a conservative in religion and politics.

And yet it is easy to get the wrong impression from Coleridge's violently changing moods and enthusiasms. The fact is that he exhibits, more than his fellow Romantic poets, a powerful intellectual consistency. He is the philosopher of the group, seeking throughout his life in numerous prose treatises, essays, and fragments the unitary knowledge of God, Man, and Nature, which he felt the modern age was in danger of losing. He was no simple worshipper of Nature, but rather a sage and scholar. He was a voracious reader of books in many tongues, ancient and modern, as his enormous library and many note books testify. He sought out, in particular, the works of the 17th century in England, trying to discover in that age of faith the elements of a healthier world in which joy could somehow coexist with gravity, and freedom with the rule of law. He was especially drawn to the poetry and prose of John Milton, nothing in him a "sublime listening to the still voice of his own spirit" and a mind in which "purity and piety were absolute."

Coleridge resembles Milton in many ways, not least in his interest in Hebraism and the Jewish Bible. Like Milton he seems to have mastered the elements of the Hebrew language. Isaiah and the prophets were for him (as they had been for Milton) the supreme example of the sublime in poetry — they wrote a poetry in which Truth and Beauty were one. Amongst the curious learning which attracted Coleridge was may note this interest in all manner of Jewish and Hebrew sources. It has

peafly drawn to the poetry and prose of John Milton, nothing in him a "sublime listening to the still voice of his own spirit" and a mind in which "purity and piety were absolute."

Coleridge resembles Milton in many ways, not least in his interest in Hebraism and the Jewish Bible. Like Milton he seems to have mastered the elements of the Hebrew language. Isaiah and the prophets were for him (as they had been for Milton) the supreme example of the sublime in poetry — they wrote a poetry in which Truth and Beauty were one. Amongst the curious learning which attracted Coleridge was may note this interest in all manner of Jewish and Hebrew sources. It has

קִירוּ יִירוּן
A Hebrew Dirge,
Chanted in the Great Synagogue,
ST. JAMES PLACE, ALDGADE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

By HYMAN HURWITZ,
MASTER OF THE HEBREW ACADEMY,
JERUSALEM.

WITH A TRANSLATION IN
HEBREW VERSE, BY S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

been suggested that "Alph the sacred river" of his "Kubla Khan" is no other than the Hebrew letter Aleph to which Coleridge, following Kabbalistic sources, attached a mystical significance. Hebrew was the primary language, he tells us in his "Table-Talk," and "the claims of the Sanskrit for priority to the Hebrew as a language are ridiculous."

In three weekly issues of "The Friend" (between 1808-1810) he published a series of Rabbinic homilies translated (through an intermediary German source) from the Talmud and the Midrash. These were intended to illustrate the moral and spiritual genius of the Rabbi. A few years earlier, in the second of his Lectures on Revealed Religion, he developed a detailed argument to prove the Mosaic legislation to be both divinely inspired and based on the true republican ideal of human freedom and equality. The Israeliite freedom, he says, was founded on an original Contract at Sinai at which the whole people had assented. In the age of the new American and French constitutions this gave us the ancient Jewish polity a truly contemporary significance. He closes

by defending the slaughter of the Canaanites under Joshua as both necessary and just.

During Coleridge's residence in Highgate near London from 1817 to the end of his life in 1834, he became acquainted with Hyman Hurwitz, a local Habrasit. He and Coleridge corresponded frequently, and as a result of their friendship Coleridge translated into English two of Hurwitz's Hebrew poems, one an elegy for Princess Charlotte, the only daughter of the Prince of Wales, (later King George IV), who she died in 1817 (see above), and the other an elegy on the death of George III in 1820. These translations are not among Coleridge's most important works but they are indicative of an interest that remained with him throughout his life.

Jews occupied a significant place in his thoughts, and he returns to consider their fate again and again. The figure of Ahasuerus the Wandering Jew haunted his imagination (as it haunted the imaginations of Shelley and others at this period), and seems to underlie the portrayal of the Ancient Mariner in Coleridge's most celebrated poem. There is no doubt that the poet identifies himself with the figure of the "Outsider," the lone witness, the compulsive teller of tales who endures from the beginning to the end of days. Clearly the Jew harbours for Coleridge some of his own significance as man and poet. It seems to symbolize both torment and salvation, darkness and light.

For Coleridge knew of two kinds of inspiration — one was the summons to light and joy. This was the luminous mist of the "higher" imagination. Had he been able to lay hold on that, he would have been a happier man. But he also knew the "lower" imagination, the descent into Avernus. This was Coleridge's "Orphic vision," as it has been called — the vision of the abyss, of water, darkness, and death which he shared with such later poets as Flaubert, Charles Baudelaire, and Arthur Rimbaud. It is the "senseless sea" which he portrays for us in "Kubla Khan":

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph the sacred river
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Through these dark sunless caverns and into the lifeless ocean of his poem there strangely flows Alph, the sacred river of Biblical prophecy. It is a contradictory vision, one which includes a sunny pleasure-dome above and caves of ice beneath. But it is a visionary conjunction crucial for the understanding of the age of Romanticism as a whole in all its paradoxes. Coleridge's mind, indeed his entire work, may be seen and French constitutions this gave us the ancient Jewish polity a truly contemporary significance. He closes

THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN AND OTHER WRITINGS by Salkaku Ihara. Translated, edited and with an introduction by Ivan Morris. N.Y., New Directions paperback, 402 pp., \$2.75.

SOME PREFER NETTLES by Junichiro Tanizaki. Translated by Edward G. Seidensticker. Penguin, 155 pp., 20p.

CONFESSION OF A MASK by Yukio Mishima. Translated by Meredith Weatherby. N.Y., New Directions paperback, 254 pp., \$1.95.

DEATH IN MIDSUMMER AND OTHER STORIES by Yukio Mishima. Translated by four hands. N.Y., New Directions paperback, 181 pp., \$2.25.

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA by Yukio Mishima. Translated by John Nathan. Penguin, 143 pp., 25p.

Reviewed by
Avraham Altman

THESE five volumes span two and a half centuries of Japanese prose writing. Except for "The Life of an Amorous Woman," the others are by two outstanding 20th century authors now dead. Much happened to Japan during these 250 years, but the most fateful events came in the wake of the forceful opening of the country to relations with the West in the mid-19th century. Salkaku Ihara's work shows us something of Japan before the coming of the Western Barbarians, though the angle of vision is highly selective. Distorted as his images are, they give us a perspective of sorts on the later volumes.

Salkaku was an enormously popular writer of fiction late in the 17th century, a moment when Japanese society had reached a brilliant peak. Earlier in the century, imposed a political settlement that finally brought peace after inter-mittent civil wars. The Imperial Court in Kyoto was kept powerless, though prestigious as before, while in its name the Tokugawa family and its allies governed firmly from Edo (now Tokyo). Western intrusions into Japanese waters were still a century off. Commerce flourished and economic difficulties had not yet reached crisis proportions. In the burgeoning cities of Osaka and Edo, an ebullient, literate urban class of life took form.

Salkaku first gained fame as a writer of *haikai*, a kind of highly condensed poetry written in a series of alternating 17- and 14-syllable stanzas. He became the master of this *haikai* poetic, but in 1682, at the age of 40, he turned to prose and wrote more than 25 volumes of novels before his death 11 years later. Professor Morris's book is an anthology of selections from four of these novels that mirror the life of the city dweller and his mores. The most fully represented is the one that lends its name to the book. The prostitute is a consistently popular subject for literature in both East and West, and in this novel the protagonist is an aged nymphomaniac who recalls his life with a woman in a string of tales. Her habit of sex and it is here that most of the action takes place. The courtier's life, Prof. Morris tells us in his introduction, is not pictured in the very colours of Salkaku's early work. As the heroine's beauty

begins to desert her with advancing age, she sinks to the most sordid fields of commercial venery, finally becoming a common street-walker.

The sensual life is also the theme of "Five Women Who Chose Love." Here, however, Salkaku looked beyond the pleasure quarters for his heroines. The novel consists of five independent stories based on actual events of the time and each has for its protagonist an impetuous young girl outside the ruling Samurai class. The common theme is the conflict between human passion and the demands of society. Each of the girls sacrifices her respectability in the pursuit of an amorous liaison and in each story the results are tragic, a fact that points the moral.

But Salkaku did not confine himself to erotic subjects. In other novels, he focused upon the practical economic life of the townsmen. Salkaku's lifetime was contemporaneous with the spread of the use of money and in "The Eternal Storehouse of Japan," he turned his attention to how the townsmen lived and should live. "Storehouse" is a collection of stories recording the varied ways in which ingenious men can accumulate money and the no-less-varied ways in which the intellectual man can lose it.

"The Reckonings That Carry Men through the World," the last of Salkaku's works to be published during his lifetime, moved from the wealthy bourgeoisie to the lower strata of burgher society that were constantly engaged in a struggle for life's bare necessities. "Reckonings" is a collection of tales on the theme of the year's end, a critical period for the impecunious man, when he was obliged to settle his outstanding debts. The stories describe the ruses he contrived to fob off the bill collectors.

Hardly fiction

It is doubtful whether the term "novel" is appropriate for Salkaku's fiction. By Western literary standards, these "novels" are weak in plot construction and are only a number of tales held together by a common theme. By Salkaku's time, sustained fiction as exemplified in the 17th-century classic, "The Tale of Genji," had long been dormant. Salkaku's ultimate model was rather a story-telling tradition in which the links were more important than the whole. Each of the links is no longer than a short-story and the total effect is lightweight. But in compensation, we get a rich gallery of sharply etched contemporary portraits. Until the Tokugawa period, the life of Japanese outside the ruling classes was rarely a subject for literature, but Salkaku recorded the failings and more endearing traits of the city dweller. His skill in conveying the presence of his characters and their environment created a realistic, unsentimental fiction. Salkaku also exploited the verbal pyrotechnics of *haikai* poetry. The result is a prose style that most Japanese now find too difficult without the crutch of explanatory footnotes. Prof. Morris has appended a formidable number of learned annotations to help the even less-knowledgeable Western reader.

SOME modern Japanese writers have looked back nostalgically at the Tokugawa period. Troubled by the difficulties of naturalizing ideas and techniques of Western provenance, they granted Japan before-the-coming-of-the-West at least one merit: Japanese culture was then more of a unity and so, consequently, was the Japanese psyche. The Tokugawa period had its shadows, but at least they were Japanese-made.

Tanizaki's "Some Prefer Nettles," written between the two world wars, perceptively handles the problem of Western v. Japanese. The

story is simple and tells about the bourgeois Kaname and his wife, Misa, who are sexually maladjusted to each other, how Kaname pushes his wife into an affair with another man, and about the married couple's decision to seek a divorce. Making that decision is hampered with anxiety, because Kaname and Misa have tried to reject Western modes of thinking and feeling, without consistently using either.

Misako's father, who represents a return to an older style, has taken a young mistress. The old man works upon Kaname to discard his superficial Westernism and the tactics include visits to the traditional puppet theatre. Tanizaki, who came to prefer the older modes himself (after having been an ardent disciple of Poe and Baudelaire in his youth), subtly moves between the puppets on the stage and the men and women in the pit to weave his tale of marital conflict.



YUKIO MISHIMA

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YUKIO Mishima's early novel, "Confessions of a Mask," is literary evidence for changes which the encounter with Western attitudes has wrought in Japanese sexual mores. This novel tells the story of an adolescent boy's recognition of his homosexuality. The confrontation with himself is painful, and this anguish defines the book's completely modern outlook. In pre-modern Japanese literature, homosexual love is not considered improper. Where it occurs, there is neither shame nor guilt. Male love spread widely among the ranks of the Buddhist clergy, actors and Samurai, and a large body of Tokugawa fiction dealt with the homosexual theme. Salkaku, too, wrote several novels on this subject, though they are not represented in Prof. Morris' anthology. Apparently men could move between heterosexual and homosexual relations without psychological hardship. Even Prince Genji, the paragon of all the courtly virtues and accomplishments, did not hesitate to lie down with his sister, whom Genji was pursuing, was not at home.

"Confessions" is also fascinating for its use of symbols hinting at erotic overtones to Mishima's suicide in November, 1970. Mishima was profoundly disturbed over what he considered to be the deterioration of the quality of Japanese life. He abhorred his countrymen's single-minded pursuit of material prosperity at the expense of Japanese spiritual values. He was convinced that the tide of Western material-

ism could be turned if the Imperial symbol were returned to the centre of the Japanese value system. By urging the Self-Defence Corps to rebel in the name of the Emperor, Mishima hoped to set in motion the purification of Japanese society. But whatever political urges lay behind the final act of seppuku of Mishima the Samurai, the literary use of the knife and blood in the works of Mishima the Artist suggests that other, erotic, motives for his suicide may have been hidden in deep layers of this brilliant author's complex personality.

Take this passage in "Confessions," for example. The protagonist, an adolescent in secondary school, recalls a visit to the doctor for treatment of anaemia. The boy discovers a link between his "lack of blood" and his blood lust, and records this erotic-sadistic fantasy:

... by myself I had dreamed up the idea of a murder theatre. There in my murder theatre, young Roman gladiators offered up their lives for my amusement; and all the deaths that took place there not only had to overflow with blood but also had to be performed with all due ceremony. I delighted in all implements of execution. But I would allow no torture devices nor gallows, as they would not provide a spectacle of outpouring blood. Nor did I like explosive weapons, such as pistols or guns. So far as possible, I chose primitive and savage weapons — arrows, daggers, spears. And in order to prolong the agony, it was the belly that must be aimed at ...

Body carving

The weapon of my imagination slaughtered many a Greek and Arab, princes of savage tribes, hotel elevator boys, waiters, young toughs, circus roustabouts ... I was one of those savage marauders who, not knowing how to express their love, mistakenly kill the persons they love. I would kiss the lips of those who had fallen to the ground and were still moving spasmodically.

This fantasy reaches its lustful climax at a banquet where the naked body of a classmate, who has been knocked unconscious, is served up on a large platter on the dining table:

Returning to my seat, I lifted the large knife and fork from the platter and said:
"Where shall I begin?"
"There was no answer. One could sense rather than see many faces craning forward toward the platter."
"This is probably a good spot to begin on," I thrust the fork into his heart. A foam-no one if he shared this view.

Reading these stories by Mishima, an Israeli will almost inevitably think of Kozo Okamoto. Each was profoundly disatisfied with contemporary Japanese society and wished to destroy it. Surely it is more than coincidence that certain spokesmen for the Left praise Mishima for daring to act in the service of his vision, even though it was reactionary — at least he was not stuck in talk like others at the left and centre of the political spectrum. Okamoto's evaluation of Mishima, if he has any, was profoundly disturbed over what he considered to be the deterioration of the quality of Japanese life. He abhorred his countrymen's single-minded pursuit of material prosperity at the expense of Japanese spiritual values. He was convinced that the tide of Western material-

TOMORROW is the 200th birthday of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In connection with which the British Museum has been holding a display of Coleridgeana since July, and on which "The Times Literary Supplement" has been running an advertisement announcing that "Basil Savage has prepared a list of the events which have been arranged in the U.K. to celebrate the bicentenary" and that someone else has issued a nine-page checklist of books in print by and about Coleridge.

Of special and novel interest to Israeli readers may be the fact that in 1817 Coleridge translated a Hebrew poem, a dirge written by a Hebrew teacher in memory of the young Princess Charlotte, who had died in childbirth, together with the baby, leaving her husband, Prince Leopold, a childless widower, and chanted in the Aldgate Great Synagogue on the day of her funeral. The dirge, in Hebrew entitled "Kibnat Yeshurun" קִיבְנַת יֵשׁוּרֻן and in English "Israel's Lament," was written — and translated — in the style and meter of Yehuda Halevi's famous elegy, "Illal Eilon ve'ar'ah" אֵילַן עֵילָן וְאֵרָא, which is chanted on Tisha B'Av. It was printed in a parallel Hebrew-English edition by the printer and bookseller E. Barnett, of 2 St. James's Place, Aldgate (see reproduction of title page above).

The author of the dirge was Hyman Hurwitz, who was born in Poland and came to London as a boy. He taught religion to the few Jewish students at an English academy until, in 1790, he founded his own Highgate Hebrew Academy. More than 20 years later he retired because of ill health, but in 1828, having recovered, he was named Professor of Hebrew Language at University College London, the first Jew to serve on its faculty. Hurwitz is best known for his "Hebrew Tales," three of which were contributed by Coleridge, and a Hebrew grammar which went into three editions. He also translated "God Save the King" into Hebrew.

Following is Coleridge's translation of "Israel's Lament":

Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn! Give witness to the inward throes! As walls of her first Love, Jerusalem, The Virgin, clad in robes of woe,
Mourn, the young Mother, snatch'd away! From Light and from their Comforters, O God!

Life's ascending sun! / Mourn for the Babe, Death's voiceless cry, / Earn'd by long pangs and last ere dawn.
Mourn the bright Rose, that bloom'd and went! / Ere half its vernal hue! / Mourn the green Bud, so rudely rent, / It breaks the stem on which it grew.
Mourn for the universal Woe / With solemn dirge and fault'ring tongue! / For England's Lady is laid low! / So Dear, so lovely, and so young!
The Blossom on her Tree of Life / Shone with the dew of recent Bliss! / Transplanted in that deadly strife, / She plucks its fruits in Paradise.
Mourn for the widow's Lord / In ohes! / Who waits and will not solaced be! / Mourn for the childless Father's grief! / The wedded Lover's Agony!
Mourn for the Prince, who rose at Morn / To seek and bless the firstling Bud / Of his own Rose, and found the Thorn, / Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.
O press again that murmuring string! / Again bewail that princely sire! / A destined Queen, a future King! / He mourns on one funeral pyre.
Mourn for Britania's hopes decay'd, / Her Daughters wait their dear Defences! / Their last Example, prostrate lay! / Ohate Love and fervid INNOCENCE!
While Grief in song shall seek repose, / We will take up a Mourning yearn! / To wail the Blow that crush'd the Rose / So dearly priz'd and lov'd so dearly.
Long as the Fount of Song o'erflows, / Will I the yearly dirge renew! / Mourn for the firstling of the Rose! / That snapt the stem on which it grew.
The proud shall pass, forgot, the child, / Damp trocking Vault their only mourners! / Not so the regal Rose, that still, / Oung to the Breast which first had worn her!
O THOU, who mark'st the Mourner's path! / To sad Yeshurun's Sons attend! / Amid the Lightnings of thy Wrath! / The showers of Consolation send!
 Jehovah frown'd the Islands bow! / And Prinos and People kiss the Rod! / Their grand obsequy judge wert thou! / Be with their Comforters, O God!

Mourn, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn! Give witness to the inward throes! As walls of her first Love, Jerusalem, The Virgin, clad in robes of woe,
Mourn, the young Mother, snatch'd away! From Light and from their Comforters, O God!

THE SHOLOM HARTMAN COLLEGE OF JEWISH STUDIES
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Crossman explains how to hold power

ENGLAND is a disguised republic, in which the monarchy siphons off dangerous emotions more effectively than any apparatus in an open republic, like the Weimar Republic was or the U.S. republic is. By dexterously balancing forces in the Cabinet — the executive arm of government of that disguised republic — England's Prime Minister holds in his own hands the lever of power, the key to which is the Party Machine.

According to Richard Crossman, these are the real facts of British constitutional life today, in contrast to fancies about the British monarchy, the Cabinet and its responsibilities to Parliament.

"No theory of State is ever intelligible, save in the context of its time," Harold Laski, intellectual mentor of the British Labour Party of the 1930s and 1940s warned his students in 1937, in a special introduction to a second edition of his "Grammar of Politics."

Crossman's theory of the State is eminently intelligible, the more so since "The Myths of Cabinet Government" updates to July, 1971, Crossman's Godkin Lectures on the Essentials of Free Government at Harvard University in 1970, to the extent that Heath's first year in office is cited as supporting evidence.

Almost 10 years ago, Crossman first expounded the theory that in present-day practice, British Government is dominated by the Prime Minister in the role of an autocrat by Walter Bagshot's definition, in his unorthodox introduction to a 1963 edition of Bagshot's classic of 1867, "The English Constitution."

In the first of his three Godkin lectures, to which he has added a 17-page introduction to make up this slim but fascinating book, Crossman pays his debt to Bagshot in a paradoxical tribute to the Victorian journalist who devastated historians, lawyers and politicians with a unastute study of the English Constitution, Crossman admits: "I can't get this particular book out of my system, although most of what it says is now either obsolete or misleading."

Bagshot, in Crossman's words in 1963, "hit upon the secret of British politics — the difference between myth and reality, and also between the dignified and the efficient exercise of power. It will be remembered that with insight and wit, Bagshot had proved that there were in England two parts of the English Constitution, the dignified and the effective parts, the former conceived and preserved in order to conceal and win allegiance to the latter."

In his lecture, Crossman argues on Bagshot's premise, but substitutes a conclusion of his own. In place of Bagshot's blow-by-blow account of how the British Government really governed the country in the Victorian heyday, Crossman contends that Cabinet Government in England today is a myth, and that "the British Prime Minister can be far tougher in handling his Cabinet than Mr. Khrushchev." He reveals that he had made that observation in his introduction to Bagshot's "English Constitution," that his publishers had objected to it on the grounds that nobody would believe it, and that a week after he had deleted the passage from the proofs, Harold Macmillan proved his point by dismissing a third of his Cabinet, including his Chancellor of the Exchequer, in one stroke.

One hundred years ago, Bagshot feared an autocratic Prime Minister, universal suffrage and party machines. Crossman's new book leaves the reader in no doubt that Bagshot's worst fears have now been confirmed.

And Richard Crossman should know. He has been not only a student of and lecturer in politics for more than 40 years and a formidable political journalist and editor, he has "not only sat in the



RICHARD CROSSMAN

INSIDE VIEW: Three Lectures on Prime Ministerial Government by Richard Crossman. London, Jonathan Cape, 117 pp. \$1.95.

Reviewed by **Harold M. Blumberg**

House of Commons and on the National Executive of the Labour Party, but has also been leader of the House and Lord President of the Council, an exalted position held at one time in their political careers by Balfour Chamberlain, Baldwin, Attlee and Home.

Since the volume under review is not a political memoir but a political study, its validity is predicated more on deductions than observations. But some of Crossman's observations are acute, such as his list, in the second lecture, of six powers which the Prime Minister wields, including his right to decide the Cabinet agenda and his personal control over Government publicity.

Several of Crossman's deductions have been amply demonstrated in recent political history. For instance, there is his claim that the governing party in England has to fear its supporters rather than its opponents in the House of Commons. Eden's fate after the 1958 Suez battle is an example of the tribulation demanded by the Conservative Party and its constituents. Heath's bravado over Britain's entry into the Common Market is testimony to his underlying nervousness over its consequences to Britain and his leadership of the Conservative Party which is bringing it in.

Crossman is a Labourite, however, with boundless admiration for the Labour leader who can, like an "independent character," drive the Labour Party's chariot, drawn by the two horses, the Parliamentary party inside the House and the national party outside. He rates Wilson as such a leader, and recalls that Hugh Gaitskell, defeated at the annual Labour Party conference, once for a whole year used the parliamentary party to bring the National Executive into line.

The key to power is inside the party (and not inside Parliament), according to Crossman, who readily and with some gusto concedes that "we fight our real battles inside the Labour Party."

It is when he shows, in the third lecture, how the National Executive of the Labour Party is the battering ram of change that he makes a unique contribution to contemporary British political writing, in the true Bagshot tradition. He cuts cleanly through the hot air of conferences and committee meetings, of lobbies and cliques and pressure groups and histories, to present with surgical precision a vital organ of current British policy-making, capable of injecting into the British political bloodstream a mixture of conservatism, pragmatism and even radicalism.

At the conclusion of each of the three lectures, one or two questions were allowed and answered, usually prompted by Crossman's comparisons of the British unwritten Constitution, and how it works, with the written American Constitution. These form a valuable part of the book, and will doubtless stimulate further questions from readers.

One question that I would like to ask Mr. Crossman is whether he favours the rigidity of a system in which the mandate that is given at a Labour Party conference for taking up by a Labour Party in office is fixed, and that even if facts may alter a programme, the system is such that it may not be changed by Parliamentary debate. And as a corollary to that question, I should like to know how Crossman reconciles the conduct of Ernest Bevin in Attlee's first Labour Government, when, according to Hugh Dalton in his memoirs, the Labour Party Conference in December, 1944 laid down as firm Labour Party policy that "Jews must be a majority in a partitioned Palestine."

Which brings me to my next question, addressed not to Richard Crossman but to Israeli political observers: when can we expect a bold and brief book which will expound the Israeli political myths?

Mr. Blumberg, a journalist and editor, settled in Israel from South Africa three years ago.

The things they say about the U.S.A.

NINE LIES ABOUT AMERICA by Arnold Beichman. Foreword by Tom Wolfe. N.Y. Library Press. \$14 pp., including 60 pages of notes, bibliography, and index. \$7.95.

Reviewed by **Arthur Steinberg**

ARNOLD Beichman, an American free-lance journalist, offers a unique analytical interpretation of contemporary American society. Having travelled throughout the world reporting international events he believes that much damage is being done to the U.S. by forces within the country. He charges that certain members of the Left, whom he loosely describes as intellectuals, are spreading what he calls "Nine Lies About America."

In defining the purpose of his book, Beichman does not name all these intellectuals but implies that the list is inexhaustible, and says that they are so actively spreading their lies that they are becoming accepted beliefs. Finally, he asserts that liberals whom he does not name are doing more damage to America than either the Soviet Union or Communist China.

Beichman does, however, make valid criticisms of some sins of the Left; in fact, he is flagrantly guilty of several of them himself. He — like those he accuses — uses generalizations and statements which can be given several meanings. His footnotes, of which there are plenty, are not always relevant to what he is saying, and one wonders whether he may have used footnoting merely to pad the book.

One major shortcoming of the book is its heavy reliance on the figure of Professor Herbert Marcuse as a symbol of the evils he is attacking. He makes much more of Marcuse than he really is, basing his case on Marcuse more than the latter's influence really warrants — and to this extent he fails to prove his case.

One lie Beichman considers is that America is becoming Fascist. In rebutting this charge, he reports one instance where the Federal Government permitted anti-war demonstrators use of Federal buildings. Although there were undoubtedly many other instances of such assemblies, as guaranteed by the American constitution, Beichman reminds the readers of the protections given the Black Panthers and other militant groups whose members have committed violent acts against the American people. He is correct in asserting that a "Fascist society would not have extended democratic guarantees to people intending to destroy the system."

As part of their platform, states Beichman, the Left-liberal-intellectuals wish President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew re-elected, reasoning that a continuation of what they see as the Fascist government will hasten the advent of the Socialist State. These people, however, offer no programme describing how they intend to replace the present system.

Others also equate America with genocide and the strongest evidence given is the celebrated conflicts between the police and the Black Panthers in 1969-70. According to some journalistic reports of the time, the police throughout the U.S. launched a campaign to annihilate this group. Because the number of

Panthers reported killed varied, no reporter, Edward Epstein, of "The Wall Street Journal," took it upon himself to investigate. He found that many established publications had chosen to publish rhetoric that would sell newspapers rather than study and report facts. As a result, the accusers had the opportunity to hammer away on the theme of genocide until people started believing that this was what was actually happening.

This lack of public responsibility is connected with the definition of morality as laid down by what Beichman refers to as the "Bomber Left." According to this definition, violence and terror committed against the state which one believes is corrupt, need not and cannot be judged in terms of conventional standards of decency. If destruction will lead to a progressive society, then all can be forgiven, in their logic. Beichman's main argument is with the intellectuals who refuse to appreciate that there is only one standard for violence and terror. He rejects the idea that society must examine the cause of discontent rather than punish the lawbreaker.

Terror is terror, violence is violence and the intelligentsia only make the situation worse because they legitimize what no ordinary society can permit — death and destruction.

Beichman believes that American society is, in part, represented by the working man whose main concern is to care for his family. He rejects the notion that the worker is a "Honky" (another Black militant term for White Fascist pig) because he supports the system. After experiencing the Great Depression and World War II, this worker now has a vested interest in society and does not wish it destroyed by others — he they of the Left or the Right.

Beichman also deals with the charge that America is insane, violent, guilty, callous, as reflected by the political assassinations of the past decade. He says that who would indict a whole nation for the acts of a few show no respect for tolerance and justice. He further asks intellectuals such as Harvard's Prof. Charles Reich ("The Greening of America"), to explain how he can determine insanity and guilt in people — in Reich's words — merely by looking at their faces.

After surveying the "lies" that the American political system is a fraud, Beichman writes of the call for a violent revolution, pointing out that none of the advocates of the proposed bloodbath have offered a programme of what to follow. Furthermore, he asks if this revolution must be anatorial, secretive, and small, how can it be democratic and express the will of the people in whose name it is to be carried out?

In conclusion, Beichman asserts that the U.S. is breeding a cult of falsification which is spreading lies about America. What seems to alarm him most is the fact that these propagandists, who support the activists, are well educated. Unfortunately, he tells us nothing about the attitudes of the majority of Americans, implying that those spreading the "lies" are greater in number than is actually the case. Altogether the book is full of sweeping generalizations that weaken what might otherwise be a good case.

Dr. Steinberg, who taught history at Kent State University, has just settled in Jerusalem.

Decline and fall of the Haitian dream

PAPA DOC: Haiti and Its Dictator by Bernard Diederich and Al Burt. Foreword by Graham Greene. Penguin. 404 pp. 50p.

Reviewed by **Stanley T. Samuels**

HAITI, the Western third of the Caribbean island of Hispaniola, won its independence from France through a slave uprising in 1804, thus becoming the second independent state in the Americas and the first Black republic in the world. The feudal colony on which Napoleon Bonaparte had dreamed of basing a French empire in the Western Hemisphere suddenly embarked on a radical programme of social change. The rebel leaders Toussaint L'Ouverture, Jean-Jacques Dessalines and Henri Christophe abolished slavery and began to implement an extensive plan for agrarian reform by allocating to each newly-emancipated citizen his own plot of land in perpetuity.

These distinguished beginnings were, however, to prove stillborn. Interscene conflict and ambition among the leadership, and the institutionalization of governmental corruption, frequent revolution and brutal dictatorship characterized Haiti from a pattern of development similar to that found among its Latin American neighbours. Its Dahomeyan voodoo heritage only seemed to compound Haiti's misfortunes and with an annual per capita income of \$75, mass illiteracy and a miserably brief life expectancy, it has the distinction of being the most underdeveloped nation on earth.

This process of decline into political and moral bankruptcy reached new depths with the rise to power in 1857 of the late Dr. Francois Duvalier, more popularly known as Papa Doc.

Studying Haiti
The authors of this book (published by Penguin in its Political Leaders of the Twentieth Century series) are American journalists who have spent the past two decades commenting on Caribbean affairs. They were arrested, imprisoned and ousted from Haiti several times by Papa Doc and thus bear his regime an understandable grudge. The very fact that the Foreword was contributed by Graham Greene, whose novel "The Comedians" is a bitter indictment of the so-called Duvalier Revolution, should prepare the reader for a zealous and unequivocal denunciation of Papa Doc's savage abuse of power.

In gruesome detail the authors expose the excesses of the Tonton Macoutes, Duvalier's henchmen, who in their uniform of dark glasses and denim trousers, terrorized Haitians and foreigners alike. They exploit voodoo superstitions to consolidate his dictatorship, e.g. the decapitation of his enemy, Philogène, whose head was kept in a pall of ice in the presidential palace, which led to weird rumours that told of Duvalier sitting alone with the head for hours communicating with it. The political megalomania of Papa Doc seated in his bath wearing a top hat, comparing himself to Trotsky, and electing himself "President for life" at this point all is conceivable, even as the final stage of tyranny, the daily prayer enforced upon the Haitian people:

"Our Doc who art in the National Palace for life, hallowed be Thy name by present and future generations. Thy will be done in Port-au-Prince and in the provinces. Give us this day our new Haiti and never forgive our transgressions of the anti-



Street scene in Haiti.

patriots who spit every day on our country; let them succumb to temptation, and under the weight of their venom, deliver them not from any evil."

The book was first published in 1968 and was not revised for the 1973 edition under review, but Papa Doc's death on April 21, 1971, required the authors to add an epilogue (written that August).

What then of "Papadoocracy" since the succession of Duvalier's 20-year-old son Jean-Claude to the title "President for Life"?

During a recent visit to Haiti I met some of the Jewish residents of Port-au-Prince and asked their opinion of the post-Papa Doc situation. A small community of 25 families of Syrian-Iraqi and Italian origin, who arrived in the 1950s, some of them in the village of Pétionville looking down on the wretched slums of Port-au-Prince below. Though preferring to remain apolitical, the location of their stores (mainly textiles) near the Iron Market in a miserable downtown section makes their livelihood, both politically and geographically, dependent on the goodwill of the ruling elite above and popular sentiment below.

Supporters of the President of the moment, the Jews felt that for the first 10 years of Papa Doc's rule the dictator had concentrated upon self-enrichment, but then he became sane and was beginning to devote more attention to the ills of the nation. Now that he was dead, they feared another game of political musical chairs. It is true that young Jean-Claude is no more than a puppet, subject to the conflicting demands of his sister Marie-Denise and her military husband Max Dominkovic on the one hand, and his mother, the ex-first lady Simone Duvalier, together with the powerful Minister of the Interior Luckner Cambreze on the other.

Relative peace
Yet there is relative peace now in Haiti — the power of the Tonton Macoutes has been limited by the rising influence of the army. On the international scene, the U.S. has renewed its programme of financial aid, an example of which is the massive Péligre Dam opened last year, and Haiti has begun to participate more consistently in the United Nations. (Papa Doc's delegate to the General Assembly would find every excuse to absent himself from sessions as he received no instructions and feared he would vote the wrong way. Indeed, it is said that an Israeli diplomat once convinced him that a vote in support of Israel was, in fact, a vote against Communism and was thus a logical reflection of the Duvalier foreign policy. The Haitian was too scared to check with Port-au-Prince, and this, therefore, for a short while, became his guideline.)

Israel has a rural settlement project in Haiti under the aegis of the Organization of American States (O.A.S.) Technical Assistance Pr-

He then asked if I saw any parallels between Israel and Haiti. Hard-put to answer, I finally said that a) both nations had been forced to struggle for their independence, and b) while Israel is the rebirth of one people from the refugees of 80 nations, Haiti has integrated the descendants of ex-slaves from many and diverse West African tribes. The editor then added a third factor: that both nations are spurring their people along the path of development into the modern world through the Zionist and Duvalierist revolutions respectively.

It is often said that Latin America is revolution-prone. Yet almost all of the region's frequently reported revolutions are purely superficial, i.e. a reshuffle of personnel among a fixed and recognized elite. There have been only two or three real revolutions since the independence of the Latin American republics in the early 19th century — in Mexico of 1910; possibly in Bolivia of 1952; and in Cuba of 1959.

What, then, of Papa Doc's much announced and denounced Duvalierist Revolution? The neon lights around the Presidential Palace in Port-au-Prince still blink out "Duvalier, President à vie," claiming that François' revolution continues incarnate in Jean-Claude. Was there ever a "revolution" under Papa Doc? The authors of the book

under review would call it a "retrogression," a decline into a dark age where governmental cruelty became more intense in its ferocity than that of any other period in Haiti's bloody history. As the book implies, the quiet little country doctor, who was to become "the ultimate madman of all dictators," was no Peron or Vargas. He did not provide the masses with "bread and circuses;" on the contrary, he levied a prohibitive tax on their one escape from misery, making voodoo prohibitively expensive. Papa Doc's ruthless corruption left Haiti in a state of enervating poverty as bad as, if not worse than, existed when he came to power. Not a voodoo god, nor, as he claimed, "immortal," he achieved what was for Haiti the miracle of dying in his bed.

This book is not entirely objective, but to have not only witnessed but to also have been the object of savagery will obviously stir a writer to bitterness. Graham Greene writes in his foreword to the book: "There is material here for a Suetonius but his book is better documented."

For those who have read "The Comedians," the present book makes a most illustrative epilogue.

Stanley Samuels lectures on International Relations in the Bar-Ilan University Political Studies Department.

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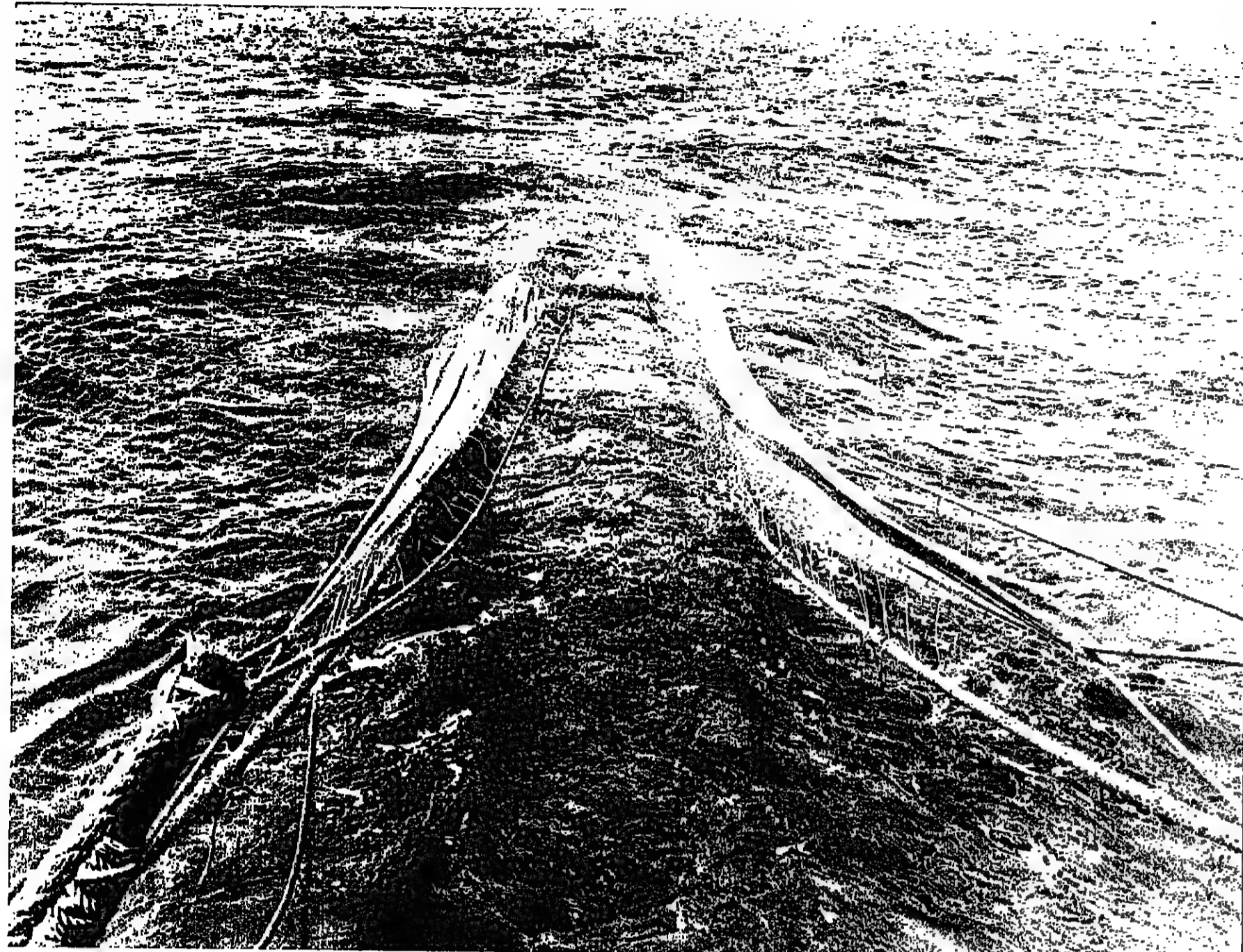
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Threat to the sardine boats

Israel's sardine fishermen fear that the good years may be over for them. They are worried because of a threat that the country may be flooded with imports from Portugal. POST Reporter YA'ACOV FRIEDLER discusses what is involved — for the fishermen and for the housewife.



The net is cast.

PHOTOS
I.P.P.A.



The "tangle" is sorted out as the catch is brought aboard.

THIS year's sardine fishing season, now drawing to a close, seems to have been another good one. With the building of the Aswan Dam in 1964, the Nile flood waters have been prevented from carrying their thousands of tons of silt and nourishment into the sea at the Nile Delta. The Egyptian sardine fisheries, which used to support several thousand men, collapsed. Instead our own began to flourish, apparently because some of the little fish came north in search of food. Israel's 300 sardine fishermen now regularly catch well over 1,500 tons a year; and the several hundred men in the Gaza Strip who engage in sardine fishing through a season which lasts from March to November, with a break during July and August, bring in about 2,000 tons more.

Besides being picturesque, with their little boats bobbing up and down offshore and their bright lux lamps to attract the light-loving sardines into the nets, the fishermen also supply the population with a protein-rich, relatively cheap food.

There is one of the few callings in this mechanized, computerized world that still depends in large measure on chance. They may spend a night at sea and catch nothing, or come home next morning with thousands of pounds worth of fish on board. Since there is not a large enough market for so many fresh sardines, the fishermen depend for their existence on selling their catches to the canning industry, with a very small percentage of the largest fish sold fresh.

Towards the end of each season, the Fishermen's Union and representatives of the seven fish-canning plants get together and work out next year's contract. The industry guarantees the men their catches, up to 1,500 tons, at graduated prices according to the size of the fish. These work out at an average of IL1.40 per kg. delivered. In addition, the Ministry of Agriculture pays the men a flat subsidy of five agorot on each kg. All this is now in danger, owing to the threat of import liberalization hanging over the head of the fisherman

and their sardines. Until now the union has successfully fought off any plan to permit the regular import of tinned sardines, though small quantities do arrive in Israel for national "food weeks," as "immigrants' transfers" by people who overcome currency export restrictions by bringing some of their capital in kind, and by Israeli seamen.

But the duty was so high that Portuguese sardines cost about IL2.50 a tin retail — nearly double the price of the best Israeli sardines — and they have not so far presented any serious competition.

However, the duty on sardines has lately been reduced and is now IL2 per kg. (about five cans, including the weight of the tin) plus 15 per cent of the value, plus 20 per cent import levy. As the Portuguese export sardines at as low as 11 U.S. cents a can, this would work out at something like IL1.30 per can in the stores, if the Ministry of Commerce and Industry decides to cancel the ban on their import. This is no more than the price of our own best quality sardines.

And there lies the danger. The Ministry's last word, despite the strenuous objections of the union, which is backed by the Ministry of Agriculture, is that it will not lift the ban before the end of this year, but may reconsider it in December.

'No Point in Fishing'

As a result, the canning industry is balking over signing next year's contract. "If the Ministry permits regular imports, we'll be stuck with the 10 million and more cans of sardines that we produce," they told the Fishermen's Union. "If we don't have a contract, there'll be no point in going fishing. There simply won't be a market for the catches." In that case, the union will demand that the Government buy out the sardine boats and equipment, valued at between IL2.5m. and IL5m., and refrain from the men, Mr. Schmiede insists. What would happen to the Gaza fishermen, who are not union members, he does not know. They would probably continue

selling their catch fresh and cheap in the Strip, and some still to the canners, whom they are able to supply considerably more cheaply than their Israeli counterparts.

Why is everyone concerned so afraid of Portuguese sardines? "Portugal is known as the land of sardines. The catches there are much bigger, because the Atlantic is a 'richer' sea, and in addition, their fishermen have a much lower living standard. As a result, they can sell their fish more cheaply," Mr. Schmiede explains.

But that is only part of the story.

Higher Quality

"Portuguese sardines are simply of higher quality than ours," the Director of the Sea Fisheries Research Station, Dr. O. H. Oran, said to me. "They are cold-water fish, while ours are warm-water fish. Ours grow faster, but they are much firmer, and this makes them better for preserving and gives them a better flavour."

Professor Haim H. Mannheim, Dean of the Technion's department of Food and Biotechnology, gives another reason. "Sardines are one of the few tinned foods that improve with keeping. Like brandy, aging is good for them. This is probably due to the gradual soaking in of the oil. The Portuguese are the world's greatest experts in canning sardines, and no self-respecting Portuguese canner would let a tin out of his plant for at least six months, sometimes a whole year. Our canning industry cannot afford to keep stocks, and finances them, for that sort of time; the cans are delivered as soon they are ready."

He has a simple piece of advice for housewives, who tend to look for "freshly canned" preserved foods. "Keep your sardines at home for a few months, up to two years if possible, before opening and serving them. Let the oil really permeate the fish."

Prof. Mannheim thinks it would be a great pity if sardine canning were to be suspended. During the past two or three years, the industry has made considerable advances and he considers that the product of most of the canneries today

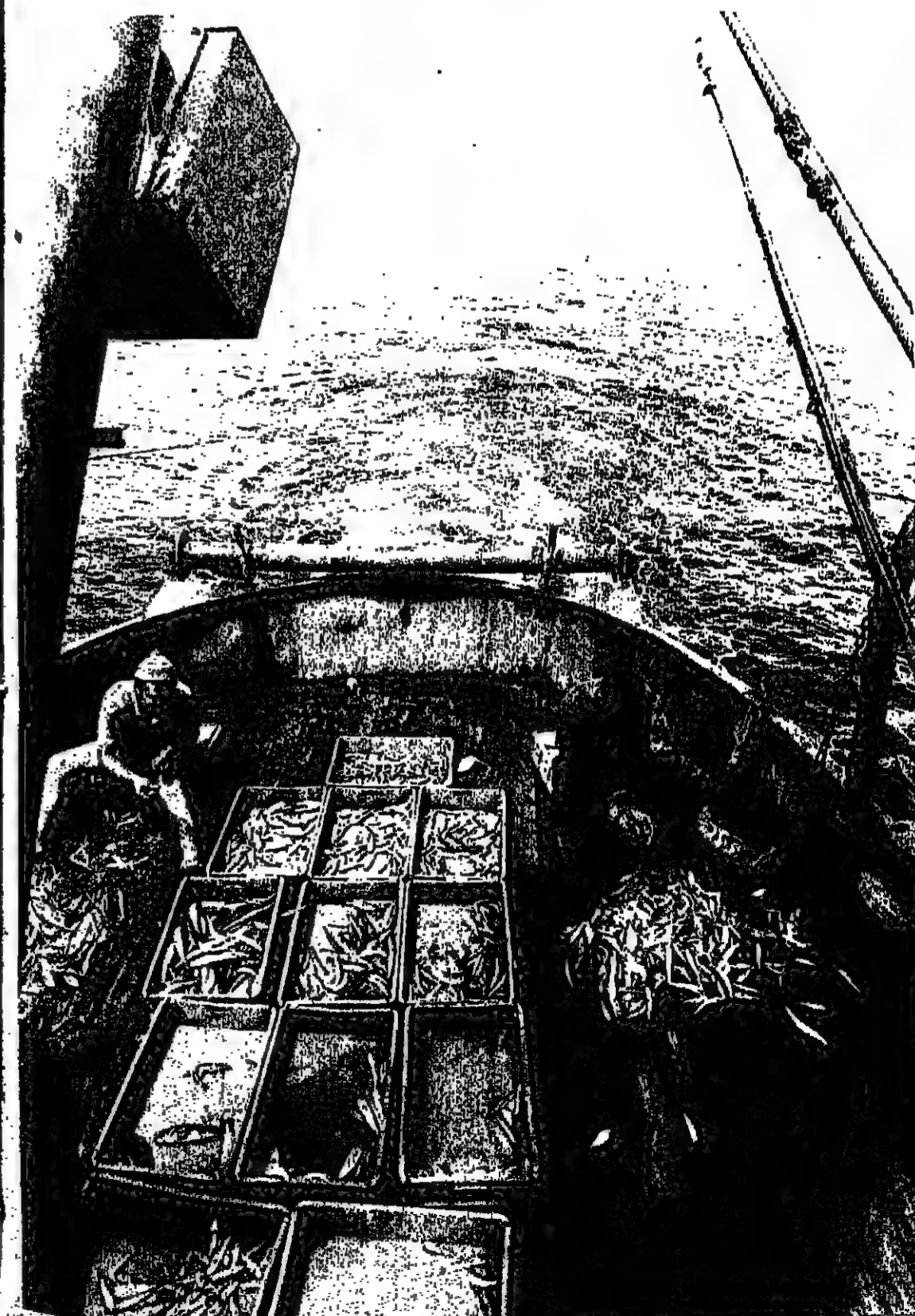
is good, even though they can't compete with Portuguese sardines.

Mr. Schmiede insists that the threat is "grave." He notes that sardine fishing does not attract new workers, because it is not a very paying trade. The 300 men now engaged in it started when shore work was scarce; in today's conditions of full employment, there is no likelihood of new recruits. Furthermore, it gives employment for only about six months a year, and there are only a few fishermen who strike it so rich during the season that they can afford to take long holidays. The 100-odd boat owners augment their seasonal income by using their craft for open-sea fishing during the off season, but they too will have to look for something else if sardine fishing ceases to provide them with the major part of their livelihood.

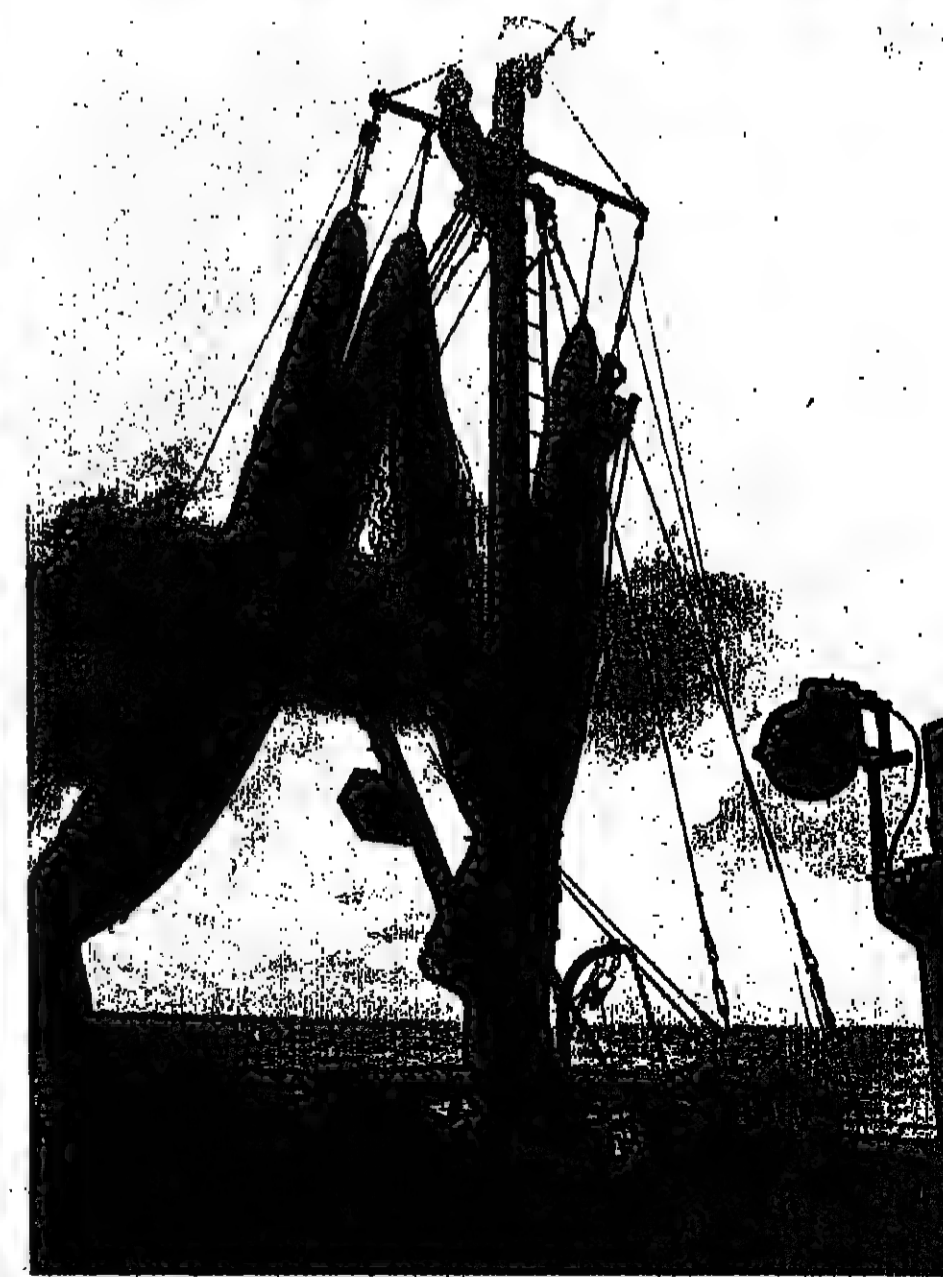
On their Own

Even if sardine fishing is suspended, the canning plants won't have to close down for the same labour and the same machinery is employed for canning other foodstuffs. So the fishermen are on their own in the fight against free import of Portuguese sardines.

The real question is whether Israel should simply write off the 1,500 tons of protein-rich foodstuffs that are there for the taking off our coasts, and spend about \$1m. a year importing sardines from Portugal. It may be argued that we can just as well find cheaper tomatoes somewhere else, and stop growing our own — and many other kinds of farm produce too. The trouble with sardines is that relatively few men are involved in catching them and the foreign currency needed to replace them with imports is not very great either. But the decision is a basic one that deserves a thorough investigation by the Government. The Aswan Dam has ruined Egypt's sardine fisheries. Will the Commerce Ministry destroy ours? And finally, can a hungry world afford to let 1,500 tons of valuable food go to waste every year? And, on the other hand, can Israel afford to eat more expensive sardines, when for a million dollars it can get better and cheaper ones?



The fish are packed.



The end of one day.

Nimrod — rebels for curricular problems

By Lea Levavi
Jerusalem Post Reporter

YOU can graduate from an Israeli high school without ever learning the walls of the Old City of Jerusalem — because the builder, Suleiman the Magnificent, was not Jewish and did not come from Eastern Europe.

This is only one minor example of some very strong charges leveled against the Israeli educational system by a new group of high school pupils, university students and young adults (including teachers) working for significant changes in curriculum. The group took the name Nimrod — the name of a hunter in Genesis and of a fortress built here by the Crusaders — but it is not coincidental that the verb *nimrod* means "we will rebel."

"We have so many complaints that the only way we can hope for success is to rebel," Ami Snir — a student of architecture and one of Nimrod's founders — told me when I met him and two other active members in Tel Aviv last week. He hastily added, however, that the group is not political and wants no connections with any political parties or other organizations. "We plan to hold a symposium every second Saturday evening at the Bikur Hayolim Youth Centre in Tel Aviv. At first the Municipal Youth and Sport Department was very cooperative, but afterwards it became very political. Apparently, anything that isn't Zionist or chess is dangerous."

Municipality replies

"Mr. Benjamin Fortis, head of the Municipal Department, later told me the municipality does not offer the centre to any organization on a permanent basis and that each Nimrod request to hold a symposium will be examined on its own merits — according to its agenda. "They have the right to say they aren't political but I have the right to disagree. They had high school pupils sign a petition against Justice Minister Sheppira's return to the Cabinet, a matter not connected with the school curriculum. Here in front of me is a poster of theirs with the heading, 'Youth rebels against the establishment.' Can you think of anything more 'establishment' than the Tel Aviv Municipality? If they're rebelling against us, how can they do it on our property?"

Whether or not Nimrod is political, many will consider its platform radical. To paraphrase, Nimrod wants the school curriculum to be less Jewish and more Israeli. Yigal Ben-Nun — a history teacher who left the profession temporarily to get his M.A. — explained, "The story about the walls of Jerusalem is only one example. When studying the Crusades, pupils learn all about how the Crusades were organized in Europe — but the moment the Crusaders get here we forget about them. Everything is seen through the eyes of Europeans — not the way it looks to us who live here."

Traumas

The two thousand years of Diaspora and the traumas of pogroms, here is given the most attention. Material on the return to Israel and on the establishment of the State isn't included in the syllabus until twelfth grade — and then it's so close to examination that the teachers don't have the time to cover it. Why not teach more about what was happening in this country during the Diaspora and what happened after the Jewish return? "As a teacher, maybe more even than as a pupil, I understand how much these youngsters hate history as it's taught here. They want to learn about the region in which they live."

Nimrod has the same complaint about literature. There should be more world literature taught — and not exclusively Western European — while Hebrew literature should emphasize more Israeli writers "who deal with landscapes and experiences the Israeli child or teenager can identify with." Who is really interested, they ask, in the internal conflicts of religious scholars or in reading of the Eastern European ghetto?

Ami: "The criterion for literature should be literary merit — not its value as propaganda about our historic right to this country or about the trauma of 'galut'."

Book of Joshua

The Bible, they feel, should not be taught as a separate subject. "In a secular age," Yigal explained, "We have to stop teaching the Bible as holy writ which must be taken literally and believed. The Bible is a wonderful library of history, literature, legend and linguistic development. Its literary aspects should be part of the literature curriculum; the historical parts should be taught in history and the language development in the Bible should be part of Hebrew language courses."

Ami: "Take the book of Joshua. When it is first taught in fourth grade, the pupils are told God commanded Joshua to kill all the women and children of the conquered tribes and to conquer the whole country for the Jews — the end justifying the means. So nobody should be too surprised when Israeli young people are violently anti-Arab — and even anti-gay! Anybody who isn't Jewish is inferior, hates the Jews and is therefore an enemy. In this the way we want to educate our youth!"

Here Orly Hayman, the one high school pupil among them, finally joined the discussion. "I once went to a residential high school where there was one Arab pupil. The kids used to make his life miserable, just to prove they were superior to him. I'm sure none of them would tell you he believes in the 'chosen people' theory but it's in their blood — from first grade up they're taught that Jews are superior and that all 'inferiors' are against us."

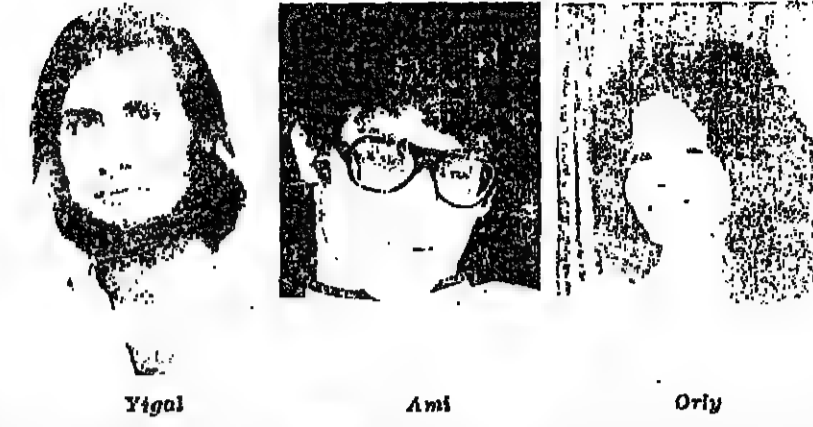
Nimrod blames the educational system for the fact that most Israeli young people are indifferent. "What can you expect of them?" Yigal asked. "What they learn in school has no bearing on their everyday lives. They're not taught to think or to care about what's going on around them."

Jewish roots

But the system they suggest also does not seem very utopian. The fact is that much of our life here is dictated by what happened in the Eastern European ghetto. Many people do not wish, as Nimrod does, to see Israel be "just another modern country" separated from its Jewish roots.

Yigal: "We're not asking that Eastern Europe be ignored entirely or that we be taught nothing about Judaism. We only ask that these things be taught in proportion to their importance today. We have to learn about the people who came here to found Patah Tikva or Rishon LeZion — but we also have to learn about Jews elsewhere in the world and mostly about this country."

"As for Judaism, we should learn it in the context of all the religions which were affected by, or which affected this country, which means Christianity and Islam. And why do we have to study the Bible as if there were nothing like it before or since? The truth is that most Bible teachers understand how much these youngsters hate history as it's taught here. They want to learn about the region in which they live. Therefore the Bible was written. There



Yigal

Ami

Orly

the pupils know facts. I decided to write my classes open book tests where the questions would examine their ability to analyze facts. It totally took the wind out of the sails of pupils who had come prepared to cheat."

This was the first reference to teaching methods; whereas most of the other high school movements (this has been a fashionable subject in the mass media as well as at the schools themselves) emphasized teaching methods and classroom discipline as the main causes of discontent. "Our main concern is content," Yigal said, "if the techno-

crates at the Ministry of Education would change their whole way of thinking and would change the curriculum, teaching methods would change almost automatically." One noteworthy fact is that Nimrod was founded by university students, not by high school pupils, and that the older members are among the most active. Ami: "If I told you I became involved because I'm concerned about the problem, it would sound naive and meaningless. The truth is that prejudice and apathy I see around me really bother me. I remember

(Continued on Page 20)

TREVIRA FASHIONS MAKE THE SEASON

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Marketing with Martha

THE brisk import trade in decorative ceramic tiles seems an absurdity for our country, with its ample mineral resources. Apparently, I have not been alone in observing this.

Local factories have recently begun production of Italian-style ceramic tiles for floors and walls. The main raw materials are local, and the plants are situated near the source of supply: Negev Ceramics Ltd. at Yeruham, and Harsa Ltd. of Beerseheba.

Until recently, Israeli home owners and building contractors were satisfied with the ordinary buff-colored mosaic floor tiles. Kitchens and bathrooms had local ceramic tiles in solid white or a limited choice of pastel shades. A few wealthy individuals or Western new immigrants brought in some colorful European tiles to spruce up their homes, and that was that.

Today, every "modern kitchen" or "modern bathroom" showroom, and there are lots of them, sports fancy ceramic tiles for the walls and sometimes the floors as well. These are almost invariably imports, mainly from Italy. Prices generally start around IL30 a square metre and go up to IL100 and more. A friend of mine paid IL100 a square metre for the bright red tiles in her kitchen, purchased near the Tel Aviv Central Bus Station, which is hardly a high-priced shopping district.

Anyone building a house or renovating a flat today would do well to look into the new local ceramic products. They are about half the price, or less, of imports, and they look very much the same. They have the added advantages of prompt supply, and a local address to turn to in case of dissatisfaction. Friends of ours with a new villa have a green tile patio instead of an orange one (or perhaps it's the other way round), because the wrong tiles came from Italy and it was too complicated to return them.

THE products of the two local firms are very similar, but so far Negev Ceramics Ltd. has the more impressive showroom. It is at 24 King George St., Tel Aviv, and though still under construction, it

has quite a bit to see. The underfoot displays of coloured ceramic tile, glazed or unglazed, give food for thought to anyone planning a new home.

Negev Ceramics recommends ceramic floor tiling for kitchens, bathrooms and sitting-rooms. Why, when it is twice as expensive as ordinary local floor tiling? Glazed ceramic tile underfoot is very popular in Italy and other Mediterranean countries, and not only for its decorative qualities, I was told. "It is also more sanitary than our conventional Israeli tiling," the sales manager told me. "That mosaic-type tile absorbs dirt because it is porous. Ceramic tile is almost totally non-absorbent. It does not take stains, not even from acids used in laboratories."

The non-absorbency of ceramic tile makes it easier for the housewife to clean. I am told it needs to be washed only with water, not with any detergent, though soaps will not harm it. (On the other hand, the dark colours show up footprints very readily.) For public institutions where sanitation is a problem — hospitals, restaurants, etc., ceramic tile flooring is ideal, the manufacturers tell me. It is also a boon to electronics laboratories, where it is important to keep dust to a minimum.

For factory floors, unglazed tiles are recommended. Home owners will probably, though not necessarily, prefer the glazed. A fairly wide range of colour is already available — greys, yellows, greens, browns, beiges, deep blues — and more are planned. The red tones, when they are ready, will be slightly more expensive, as those dyes are more costly. The glazes and the colour dyes come from Europe. The other raw materials — dolomite kaolin and other clays — come from the Negev. The machinery and know-how comes from Italy.

The factory is planning four sizes of floor tiles. So far they are available in two sizes — 15 by 30 centimetres and 15 by 15. The tiles lend themselves to a variety of laying patterns — at least 30 different designs. They can be used for

for exterior walls as well as floors. Tiles in 15 x 30 cm. size at Negev Ceramics sell for IL51 per sq. metre glazed, or IL45 unglazed, and so far the firm has not set separate prices for individual customers and building contractors. Grade B tiles are available somewhat more cheaply, and these are recommended primarily to customers who need large quantities and are not as concerned with beauty as with utility. The 15-x-15 tiles are IL45 a square metre, Grade A, glazed, and IL35 unglazed. (Good quality standard mosaic floor tiling costs somewhere around IL20—IL25 a square metre).

Decorative ceramic tiles for wall use only have a different composition, as they do not need to be so strong. Negev Ceramics intends to have a wide selection of multi-coloured designs, but so far only a few designs are on display. They look very much like the Italian imports, and indeed are made from Italian patterns. Prices range from IL36.50 to IL48 a square metre, depending on size and number of colours in the design.

Negev Ceramics also makes a nice deep-colour range of non-patented tiles, and these sell at less than IL30 a square metre.

For an aesthetic effect in bathrooms, which are generally small, Negev Ceramics suggests putting identical ceramic tile on the floor and the walls. The sanitary fixtures can give the colour contrast.

Negev Ceramics Ltd. belongs to the Israeli enterprise Pecker Plada Ltd. of Tel Aviv (steel and stainless steel suppliers). The factory at Yeruham began production three months ago.

THE other major contender in the new local field is Harsa of Beerseheba, which is a Koor (Hizdru) industry and the sister firm of Lapid, which makes crockery.

The simplest place to see ceramic tiles by Harsa is on the exterior of the newly-renovated Al-Levy Road Post Office in Tel Aviv. The deep-blue glazed tiles make the building look more like a fancy Turkish bath-house than a public office building. In the basement of the Naveh passage building at 30 Ibn Gvirol, At Regba-Diran, there are lots of model

Public institutions and hotels have so far been the most interested customers in the tiles coming out of Harsa. Beerseheba. Its sister-firm Lapid, of Tel Aviv, started the production of these floor and wall tiles but this line was transferred recently to Harsa, a veteran manufacturer of bathroom fixtures and plain wall tiles.

There are three ways to view a fair selection of the Harsa tiles. One is to get hold of its attractive printed leaflet in colour, and in English. It calls the tiles "Export Quality Decor Tiles — Harsa" for floors and walls, and it pictures 30 of the designs. The designs have been given Israeli names — such as Arava, Sharon, Kinneret, Galil — and the ones for floors do have an "Israeli" look about them.

Unlike Negev Ceramics, whose floor tiles are so far all solid colours, slightly mottled, Harsa has floor tiles with definite designs by Israeli artists. The wall tiles look like the conventional Italian ones. This is probably because some of Harsa's designs are made for it, exclusively, by Parmeggiani Ghelli of Italy. Other designs are made by artists of Lapid. (Na'aman, the other major local crockery-maker, of a finer porcelain type, is also a Koor industry.)

The colourful leaflet on Harsa tiles can be obtained from Sol-Koor agencies, including one on Jaffa Road in Jerusalem. In Tel Aviv, Sol-Koor's expanded showroom — still partially under construction — is located at 99 Rehov Ben Yehuda (near Keren Kayemet). There, you can not only get the leaflet, but see a small display of actual tiles, get exact prices, and make purchases. Delivery, on most orders, takes a few weeks.

In my opinion, it is unfortunate that the single on-the-floor display at Tel Aviv Sol-Koor is a rather unimpressive grey tile. It fails to show off the product at its best.

For a better view, go to the new Regba-Diran interior decor exhibition next to the Tsavta Club in the basement of the Naveh passage building at 30 Ibn Gvirol. At Regba-Diran, there are lots of model

kitchens and bathrooms adorned with imported Italian tiles from the Gruppo Marazzi firm, ranging in price from IL68 to IL109 a square metre.

Towards the far end of the showroom are two model bathrooms fitted entirely with Harsa. The effects are very attractive indeed, for both floors and walls. Prices marked on the tiles are not the actual ones, as Regba-Diran is currently offering a 10 per cent "holiday" reduction on these items. With the discounts, the prices are just about the same or just a bit higher than the prices at Sol-Koor itself.

At Sol-Koor, the solid colour floor tiles, 10 by 20 centimetres size, sell for IL62.80 a square metre, while the patterned ones run IL61. The decorative square wall tiles (15 by 15) sell for IL66.20 a metre. These prices are retail — for individuals buying small quantities. Prices for building contractors dealing in hundreds of metres run IL44 a metre for the floor tiles and approximately IL30 for the wall tiles. Unlike Negev Ceramics, Harsa hardly makes any unglazed tiles, so it is not so much aimed at industry as customers. However, Grade B glazed tiles are available for customers, such as hospitals and restaurants, who need large quantities and are not concerned with slight imperfections.

Any professional tile-layer can adapt to the new ceramic floor tiles, Harsa tells me, but warns that he may take higher wages for dealing with the new material. The company does not include laying services with its sales, but can recommend craftsmen if needed.

STILL missing from the locally made ceramic tiles are the vivid "pop art" colours, such as red and oranges, which are so popular today with buyers of the Italian tiles, especially for highlighting kitchen walls. Both Negev Ceramics and Harsa told me they are "working on" these colours and should have them in the not-too-distant future.

Martha Meisels

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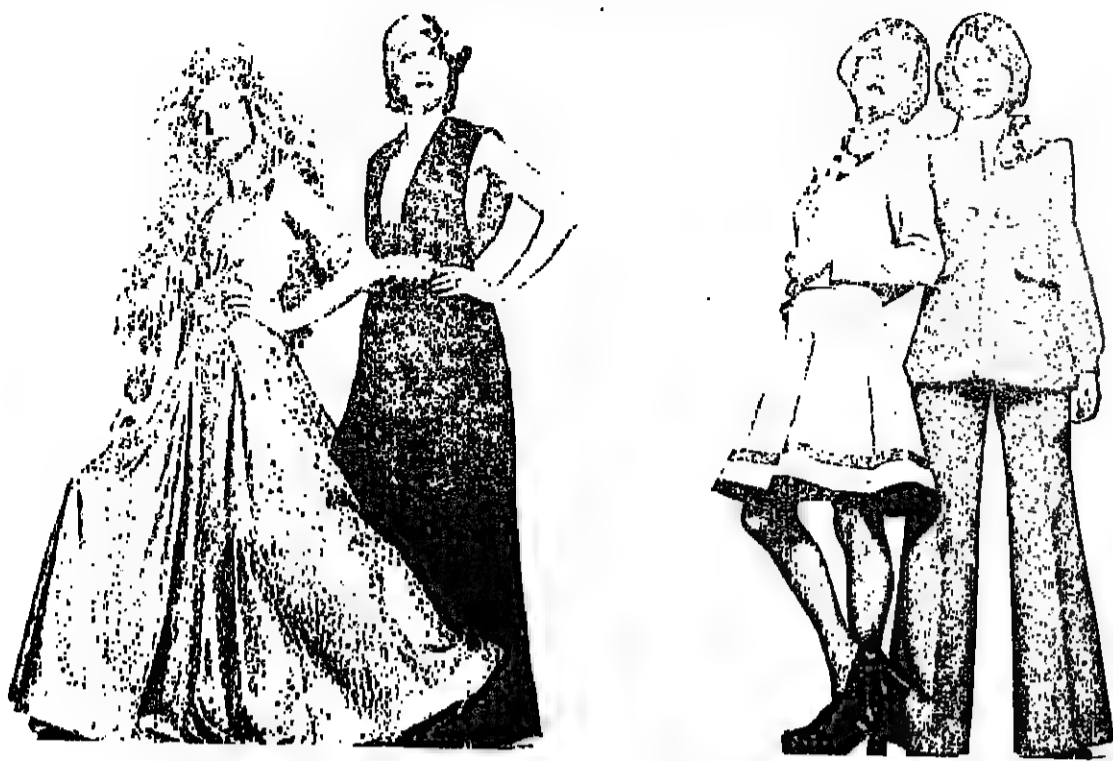
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BAUER-WARSHAVSKY

Vamps and sophisticates



By George Reading
Special to The Post

TEL AVIV.—Gideon Oberson, Israel's famous young couture designer, is beginning to find that out. On Monday he showed his winter collection in his smart little salon just off Rehov Finaker, with the press and many of Tel Aviv's female jet set in attendance. But despite his superb sense of cut and workmanship, the reception was hardly rapturous.

What we saw was Oberson at his best and Oberson at his worst. At his best he has a way of making a deceptively simple cut that looks like a million dollars, whether in a figure-flattering dress or in one of his huge squared-off capes. At his worst he practically ignores the female form, cutting geometrically with emphasis on fussy details — small zips on the shoulders, at the small of the back, at the sides of the pants, or flashy buckles and buttons.

The couture problem, of course, is to find a new style for each season — a style that will tell other women that the wearer of this dress bought it this season and not a year ago. As a socio-economic way of life this is one thing. As a design problem it's quite another — and very difficult.

Sometimes Oberson comes out on top. His skirts, for instance, flare out from the hip into a round, falling in eight loose folds which swing about very nicely as you walk. He sets thick waist-bands into jackets, coats and dresses, giving a tailored, fitted look. And he's found a style that goes with the dark lipstick and clumpy shoes now in vogue.

Other times it's all just too much. Too much detail, too much cutting away in unflattering places (showing bits and pieces of white bikini marks), too many flaps and frillery. Sometimes it's a little girl look, other times a sophisticated one — and sometimes a strangely unerotic vampish look.

Gideon Oberson is without doubt one of the most talented designers in Israel today. His designs for ready-to-wear firms have established him as the master of the clean, sophisticated cut. His couture style is usually attractively distinctive. And for the most part, it still is.

And just as a footnote, Oberson himself was wearing the best pair of pants of the evening — but then that's one of the advantages of being a couture designer!

YOGA Battling a bulging bikini

ARE you ready for next year's swimsuits? Fashion previews indicate the bikini will be styled to leave you bareer than ever. Now is the time to get your body into the shape you desire.

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The course is exactly as given in Germany by a young doctor from India. Studying for many years under one of the most famous yogis, he then went on to receive a formal education in Munich. By combining both methods he created a dynamic course.

The exercises differ from any other sport in the fact that each posture stretches every muscle and nerve in the body. Excess fat, particularly around the hips, thighs and waist is changed so that the limbs become shapely and the body well contoured.

The programme was brought here by Bill Trout, who studied with the doctor in Munich. Prior to that time he had trained under Swami Vishnu-Devananda. This famous swami introduced yoga throughout the United States and Canada and now has over 40 centres and students numbering into the thousands.

THE Yoga Health Course consists not merely of gymnastics, but of postures (asanas) evolved over the centuries to exercise every muscle, nerve and gland in the body.

Tips: Set aside 15 to 20 minutes daily, preferably early in the morning or late at night. Always start at least three hours after a meal. Do the asanas on a folded blanket in a clean, airy room. Wear a bathing suit for freedom of body movement.

Always do each exercise carefully and with control. The standing and forward bending exercises should be done with mild movements, at first until your spine becomes strong and elastic.

Today we will learn to stand correctly. This is also the posture we will begin each exercise with. Practice and learn it well.

Perfect Posture Pose (Technique)
1. Stand straight with both feet together so that the heels and big toes touch each other.



Perfect Posture Pose

2. Keep the legs perfectly straight by pulling up on the knees and backs of the thighs.

3. Feel narrow at the hips, keep the stomach in and chest forward. Stretch the spine so the back is erect and keep the neck straight.

4. Stretch the arms along the sides, slightly away from the thighs. Press the shoulders down and point the fingers towards the floor.

5. Breathe in and out evenly through the nose and hold this posture from two to three minutes.

Effects
A faulty posture puts a strain on the spine. It can make a person constantly feel tired and irritable. Chronic back pain is usually the result of having a poor posture.

By learning to stand properly, you will start to stretch the spine back to its normal shape. The shoulders will come down to their normal position and the abdomen will pull in. Together with the coming exercises, you will be able to improve your health and well-being.

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DENTISTS AND BEDUIN TEETH

By MACABEE DEAN

It is undoubtedly one of the finest equipped mobile dental units in the world; and the dentist now manning it is looking at some fine "sets of teeth" — in the mouths of Beduin who never used a toothbrush.

"The majority of their teeth are excellent; and this is amazing, for they know nothing about preventive dental care. But if most of the teeth are good, one tooth will suddenly go to hell and have to be pulled." This is stated by Dr. Jack Fraider, of California, who is now winding up a five-week stint of manning the mobile dental unit in the hospital compound here.

"But nevertheless, their gums are bad, often diseased, and the jaw bones are soft. You can pull out a rotten tooth here with a forceps; you don't have to chisel them out like in the U.S.," he says. He blames the lack of protein and vitamins for the bad gums.

But why are the teeth — except for the one or two which went "to hell" — so good?

"Perhaps, it is due to fluorine in the water; but then, no investigation has yet been made. But the teeth are mottled, i.e. have patches of brown colouring on them, indicating that there is fluorine in the water."

"Why does an American dentist, with a flourishing practice, pull up stakes for five weeks and come out here to work free? Why is he willing to give up the comforts of a first-class hotel and live under military conditions in a hospital compound where the guards man machineguns?"

Needs of El Arish

The story goes back many, many months when Dr. Mordecai Shani, Medical Director of Tel Hashomer, which is in charge of medical affairs in El Arish, met representatives of the Alpha Omega fraternity, an international Jewish dental group, and explained the needs of El Arish.

Dr. Lester Kahn, also of California, became project director, and the fraternity obtained a bus and converted it into a two-chair mobile dental clinic at a cost of about \$170,000. The bus is completely self-contained — with a compressor, water, electricity, etc. — and lacks only one thing — a permanent dentist.

Dr. Kahn sent out a call for short-period volunteers, and they responded in considerable numbers. The first was Dr. Fraider, but before he could pack up his wife, Geraldine, and leave his two grown-up daughters, and come here, another dentist jumped the gun. He was Dr. Martin Rosenberg, who worked with Dr. Kahn, and had inside information about the project.

"And when I leave," Dr. Fraider says, "there will be another volunteer here. We have a long list of applicants, enough to keep the dental unit functioning for at least the next two years."

Win the peace

"I feel Israel won the war; and I, like the others who are coming, or came, want to help to win the peace," Dr. Fraider says.

He feels that "winning the peace" will not be easy, but then every little bit, like giving free and excellent dentistry to the residents of El Arish, is one step forward. "If we win the children over, and most of our patients here are children, we will win one battle in the war to make peace."

Although Dr. Fraider already speaks a few words of Arabic, his two assistants interpret for him. They are two local Arabs who were trained to clean teeth by another American dentist (Dr. Barry Simmons, of Georgia, who spent some weeks in Gaza and Northern Sinai

last year, without any connection with the present project). Later, these two men were trained to be dental assistants.

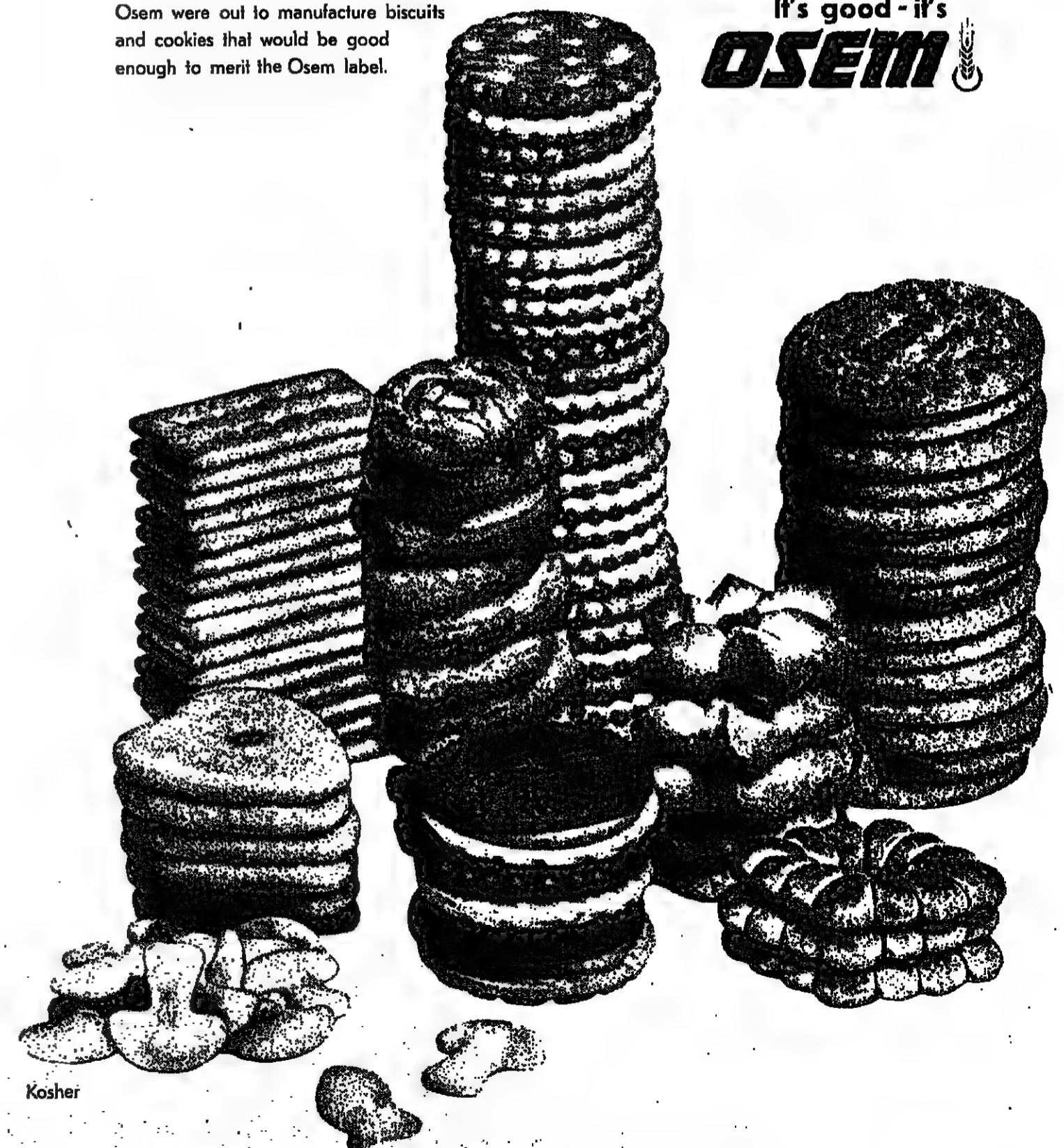
If the Beduin children have good teeth — except for those one or two which unaccountably go bad — their teeth and gums could be much better if they did one simple thing: toothbrushes," Dr. Fraider says, "and we are going to train 300 teachers how to teach them to use them."

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Kosher

GAMES OF CHANCE

ON the whole, we are not, as a family, much addicted to games of chance. Ever since some twenty-five years ago, when I lost thirty francs in as many seconds on a green baize table in Monte Carlo, I have harbored a strong conviction that I prefer to see something concrete for my money even if it is something that later on doesn't fit or is the wrong colour or gives me a stomach-ache. This feeling was reinforced, when shortly after this episode, on the recommendation of my milkman in Manchester, I backed a very slow horse and was relieved thereby of half a crown. I resolved then that this was one vice from which I could virtuously abstain without too much strain on my self-control.

Perhaps there is some kind of affinity between milkmen and gambling, as I see my former supplier has abandoned his cart and donkey and taken up the sale of lottery tickets on the main street of Nahariya. Most of his old customers stop and buy a ticket for old times' sake and I reckon it will not betray any principles to do the same. To my astonishment my modest investment brings an immediate return of nine times the original amount.

At this I hastily forsake my principles and plunge into hopeful speculation for the next draw. Maybe luck has changed. Maybe its different when it's for charity. Maybe Mercury can more easily cast a beneficent eye from Olympus onto Nahariya than he could to Manchester. In the meantime, week by week, my winnings bring me nothing but grubby bits of paper apologetically rejected by the vendor before he wishes me better luck next time.

Apart from this lapse the main cause of my continued participation in organized flutters comes not from a lust for excitement, nor even from a desire to get something for nothing, but a sheer inability to refuse all the back-door purveyors of various alluring returns for a small expenditure.

More bothersome are those agencies which not only require me to indulge myself in the dream of getting a car or a washing machine, but to impress and blackmail friends and acquaintances to do the same. As this might amount to corruption I usually end up buying

the series myself. Partly to avoid this offence and partly from laziness, not, I explain to my daughter who is understandably puzzled at the gap between theory and practice, because there is a possibility of getting anything out of it, the law of averages being against it, but because it is a roundabout way

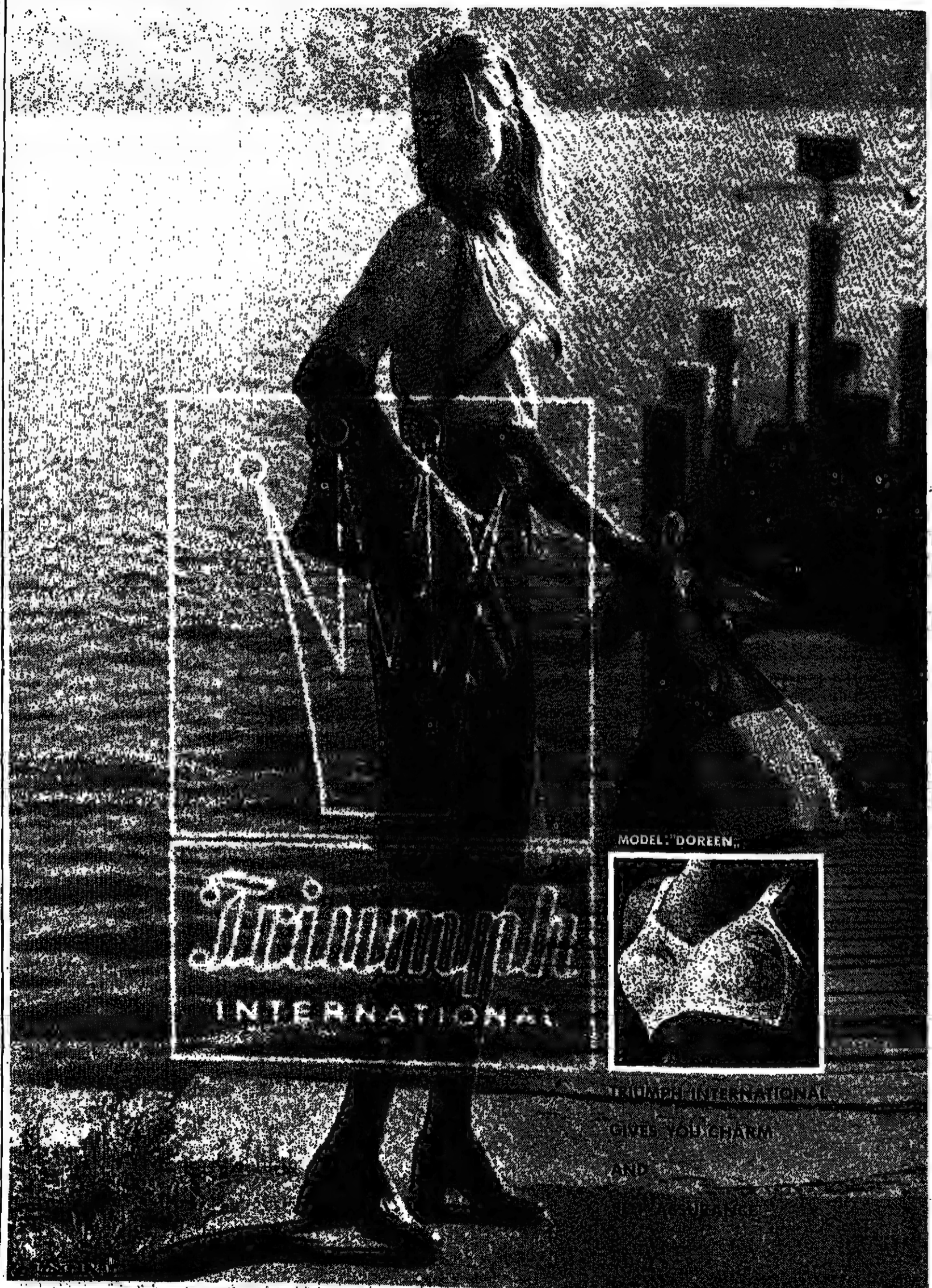
of providing comforts for soldiers or help for new immigrants.

Even if any of these prizes were to come our way, I warn her, we should undoubtedly get something we don't want like an oven cleaner or something we never use, like a sewing kit. In spite of this prosaic point of view, we both get very

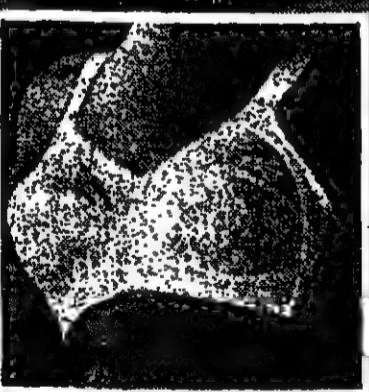
excited when we are notified that our number has come up in the H.O.B. raffle and hastily scurried through a long list of prizes starting with a trip to England and ending with a bar of soap, with some lovely things in between.

A small extravagance I would not consider treating myself to but which

would be nice to have could be fine. A wig maybe, or a weekend in Tiberias. On the last page we find we are entitled to a box of three-ply wool, which, as neither of us can knit, is something of an anticlimax. Oh well, I tell her philosophically, let that be a lesson to us. I doubt, however, if it will.



MODEL: DOREEN.



GIRL: YOUGHANN.

AND

Rebels...

(Continued from Page 11)
what happened when a Christian missionary tried to give out copies of the New Testament on the Zoolan campus; all the students wanted to kill him. Why can't they at least be open-minded and tolerant?"

Though Nimrod's ideas sound harsh to many ears, the members describe the "establishment's" reaction as "tolerant." Some schools, they say, even invited them to lecture and some of their ideas were even debated in classrooms. "We sent our first publicity hand-out to Dr. Dan Ronen, Assistant to the Minister of Education, and to Dr. Zeev, Chief Inspector of High Schools at the Ministry of Education. They didn't answer us — but Lea Forst, chairman of the Public Council for Art and Culture set up by the Ministry, offered to meet us."

Teenagers, on the other hand, have received Nimrod very enthusiastically. Over five hundred inquiries have thus far reached the Nimrod post office box (P.O.B. 22204, Tel Aviv).

While most of the other high school movements for change have died rapid deaths, Nimrod's founders expect it to live. "Many of the other movements were spontaneous outbursts," Yigal explained. "They died because their leaders went into the army or because they joined extreme leftist groups and were disillusioned. The fact that some of us are older will keep the group alive even when the currently active pupils go into the army; and we want no political identifications."

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IN BECKETT'S SHADOW

DUMMIES (Puhlatzim) by Yosef Shiloah, at Tzavta, Directed by Yosef Carmon, set by Eli Sinai, music by Yossi Marbaum.

A FELLOW critic whom I encountered when I entered the foyer of Tzavta greeted me with palms held in front of him in a gesture of pleading, and looked at me in silence. I knew exactly what he meant, because he was expressing my own sentiments: "Please God, let it be good." In recent months we have seen so many bad plays, we have walked out of so many theatres, including this same Tzavta, in utter discouragement. And here we are again, to see a first play by a local playwright. All we can do is pray.

Dummies (an inaccurate translation of the Hebrew Puhlatzim, which actually means stuffed animals) was written by Yosef Shiloah, who until now has been known as an actor — and a fairly good one — and is also no mean musician, as he once demonstrated in a part which called for him to play the drums. He at least looked, even if he didn't exactly sound like a real professional. His own play was awarded the 1968 prize of the Public Council for Culture and the Arts, which makes it, I believe, the first one to receive that distinction and to be produced too.

Dummies is a play in the manner of Samuel Beckett, indeed, too much indebted to Beckett for comfort. A young man tries to create a reality of his own. He encases his parents in a life routine reminiscent of his childhood, and, like a benevolent slave owner, makes them do exactly what he wants them to. When the parents revolt



against the strict regime, he takes them on a journey into the past, only to discover that the past was ugly, and all the good in it, nothing but illusion. He also invokes his early youth in the shape of a handsome young man with whom he has a homosexual relationship, but this, too, proves disappointing.

As the above, slightly confused, resume would indicate, Dummies is not a realistic play. We deal here mainly with symbols and visual metaphors. For instance, when the son takes the parents on the journey into the past, he seats them on a table and, himself seated on a box in front of them, and whips imaginary horses. We find Beckett all over the place. In fact, in the opening scene, when the two decrepit parents, seated stiffly in their chairs, wake up from sleep to demand their porridge in squeaking voices, I couldn't help feeling that I was watching a parody of "Endgame."

Shiloah has also followed Beckett's habit of giving his characters enigmatic names, which lend themselves to various interpretations (reams have been written on the meaning of Godot, though the author insists that he doesn't know why he so named the absentee hero of his most famous play). Thus, our hero is called Elin, which, I would assume, is associated with the French word for "nothing."

A first play which makes one anxious to see the next

though I don't get the connection. His father is named Unis, of which we all know the meaning, but here, too, the connection escapes me. And so down the line with Regie and Tip.

Despite the disconcerting borrowings, the confusion and the banalities with which it is strewn, Dummies is not a play to be dismissed entirely. It is written with sincerity and passion, the dialogue occasionally soars, the imagery is interesting. Dummies is the kind of unsatisfactory first play which makes one curious to see the author's next one.

Yosef Carmon's direction is as uneven as the text he

had to work with. There are good scenes, like the opening one, which establishes the atmosphere and creates an air of expectancy; and there are stretches when nothing at all happens. The acting is just as uneven. Asher Zariati as Elin giving a forceful performance at one moment, and standing helplessly on the stage at another. Shmuel Wolf and Zivvi Abramson are consistently good as the parents.

TWO days later, on a Saturday morning, in the same Tzavta hall, I attended a happening, in the company of two friends aged five and six. The event was presided

over by Oded Teomi, by now an old hand at entertaining children, with the generous help of Hava Alherstein and a two-piece band. As usual at children's shows, the audience was livelier and more interesting than the stage, readily responding to the slightest provocation, answering in chorus whenever asked a question, such as, for instance, if you could become an animal, what animal would you want to be? (One of my companions wanted to be a leopard, the other kept his counsel.)

To entertain his audience, Oded Teomi told stories and jokes, recited poems, performed magic tricks, got in and out of a trunk, grew to a height of about 2.5m., and generally succeeded in getting a reaction. Hava Alherstein lacks his immediacy, and when engaging in banter seemed to be under a strain; but the youngsters liked her singing, and told her so in an unequivocal manner.

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The right place and the right date

Portion of the week:
Gen. 12,1—17,87

WE read in this week's portion of the war of "the four kings against the five," in the course of which Lot, the nephew of Abraham, is taken captive. Among those defeated by Kedar's omer in this war were "the Amorites that dwell in Hazazon-Tamar" — and so the tamar, the date palm, makes its bow in biblical literature.

As to the identification of Hazazon Tamar — "the pruning of the date palms" — there can be no question, since in 2 Chron. 20,2, we are specifically told that "Hazazon Tamar is Elin Gedi." Elin Gedi is thus associated with the palm, as is Jericho, which in Deut. 34,3 is called "the city of palm trees." Palms flourish and produce their meaty fruit there to this day, as they do in all the low-lying and desert areas of Israel, which is their natural habitat.

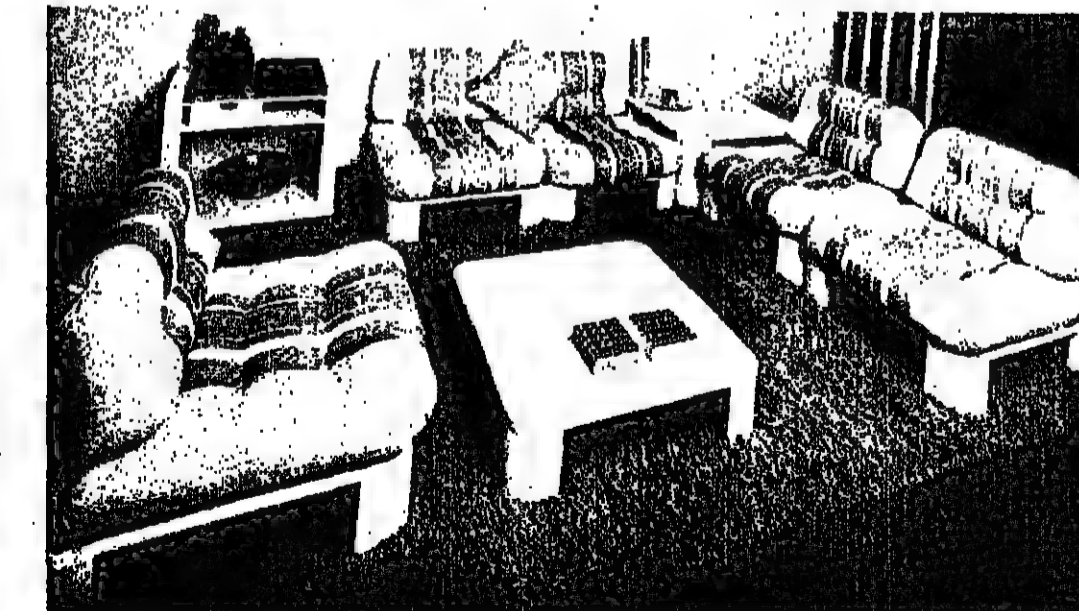
It was pure coincidence that on the very day this summer that I read of the transplanting of four palm trees from Sinai next to the one solitary palm previously growing outside the wall at the north-west corner of the Old City of Jerusalem, I read the following passage in Shabbetai Tevet's biography of Moshe Dayan: — "Despite the late hour at which his visit to Elin Arish ended, Dayan did not forgo a visit to the



palm groves of Elin Arish, and was greatly impressed by their freshness. Neither in Beit Shean nor even on the banks of the Kinneret have I seen such beautiful dates," he said, and after helping himself to some and providing himself with a supply for the journey, he returned to Tel Aviv (Fish ed. p. 472). And I said to myself: "He won't have the same pleasure from the fruit of these transplanted specimens."

The rabbis, aware of the fact that the palm does not flourish, even if it grows, in the hill areas, forbade the dates of mountain palms to be used on the Festival of First Fruits. I mentioned this to Mayor Kollek and he answered that the palms had been planted for their beauty and not for their fruit. And it reminded me of the statement of the Talmud: "Why do the fruits of Ginosar not grow in Jerusalem? Because pilgrims are expected to be attracted to the capital for its spiritual benefits, not its material blessings!"

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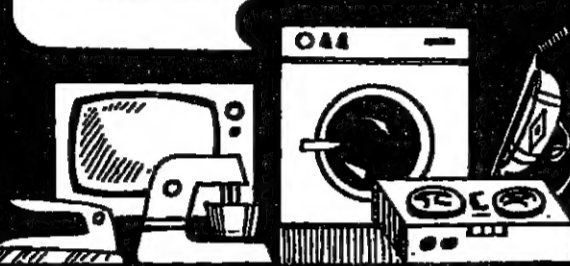
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HELPING TO FILL THE CINEMAS



WEDNESDAY night's Italian film confirmed a report in the Israeli press that Yitzhak (Zachi) Shimon has just returned from an expedition to Europe, with his bags full of Italian and French films, and that such corrupting influences in our lives as Roger Moore, Tony Curtis, Ironside, and Steve MacGarrett will soon be expelled forever from Television House. Now, that is the most inspiring news I have read in a long time. First of all, nothing is as pleasant as a jaunt in Italy; even France, despite the politics of its leaders has its attractions. Zachi is one of the nicest chaps in Television House, and well deserves a trip.

Secondly, it is wonderful to think that evening after evening we will be regaled with potpourris of Italian and French song festivals, and with some of the worst films ever made for television. This will be very good for the morale, if not the morale of the public. The less entertainment we have, the better our characters will be. What better uplift could we have, for example, than was proffered to us on Tuesday night - a sort of Government handout about how wonderful the police are, followed by a repeat of a Brenner play we saw only a few months ago? All we needed to make up a nice, well-rounded package, guaranteed to keep the cinema full, was a seasoning of Italian.

There is even grimmer instruction ahead for us, as we face an election year; our Italian and French films will

soon be interspersed with the thrilling programmes prepared by the parties. I know a few people who will be prepared to cast their votes for whatever party allocates its TV time to some private eye or Western gunman. But of course, such voters should be treated with the contempt they deserve.

Some readers may be mystified by my sudden switch of attitude: hitherto I have not been lavish in my praise of Franco-Italian TV wares. The truth is that I have worked out that the public and critics have a negative influence on Television House programming: what we praise is sternly expunged from the programme, what we abhor is cherished. So let us sing hosannas in honour of Zachi's purchases, in an effort to bluff those on high that we do not want to be entertained. Besides, the worse Israel Television, the greater the challenge to Jordan and other Arab stations to capture our air waves.

HAVING launched this diatribe, I hasten to praise

the second part of the French film, "Clermont-Ferrand." This is certainly a great piece of work, carrying absolute conviction - although this does not mean that it is an accurate picture of what really happened during those terrible years of Nazi occupation. All historical documentaries, whether filmed or written, are basically fictional in that they depend upon the people and the viewpoints selected by the director, scriptwriter or author: we will always believe that Richard III was a hunchback monster, because Shakespeare wrote so well about him, and that Scarlett O'Hara won the American Civil War.

So with "Clermont-Ferrand" the very excellence of its production, direction and camerawork, all representative of the highest skills of the French film industry, must make us scrutinize the content with more care. At least, in this second part, we saw several French heroes of the Resistance and very heroic they were too - to counterbalance the French who collaborated or cooperated or accepted.

Another lovely second-part was the B.C. production of "Uncle Vanya" with a score of great actors and actresses reliving each of Chekov's perfectly written lines. How their mouths watered over the memorable phrases expressing boredom, heartseaching, pain, selfishness, love, lust, dreams, beliefs, cynicism - Chekov could do more with a few words and a half-gesture than the moderns can do with a horde of shrieking, naked crea-



A "sinister" look on the Jordan Hebrew news. (Barzilay)

tures on the stage. How subtle the Russians used to be before the Revolution turned everything red and gray!

THERE was a great Western last Thursday afternoon, with John Mills in top form as the lawyer who pulled the cat out of the bag. The Westerns are still marvellous movies, with complex plots, careful characterization, and unexpected twists, as well as action.

THE sports coverage has been considerably improved of late, maybe because better equipment is available: the coverage of the Tel Aviv derby was very good indeed. Dan Shilon told us at the end that the electronic cameras had made all the difference: it was certainly a treat to be kept up with the ball all the time. And the interviews with the two coaches were very interesting, although I would have liked to hear more from Glora Spiegel.

On Tuesday afternoons, they are now running an intelligent sports programme for the young, aimed at teaching them how to run faster, jump higher, hit harder. This week we saw David Hemery in training, and a tennis classic in which Taylor of England beat an out-of-form Arthur Ashe. Such films might well be supplemented by having Israeli stars analyse what we are seeing

- a commentary by Davidman or Shalom on Ashe's backhand, shown in slow motion, would be a great help to our young players. The Hebrew commentator should learn how to score.

I am surprised that Shulamit Aloni or some other women's liberator has not noticed that Hebrew-speaking women do not exist for Israel Television, which caters for our Jewish Orthodox, liberals, old, young, Ashkenazim and Sephardim - but not for the female of the species. There is an extremely good programme for Arab women, in which they are taught to cook and to take their children to the dentist. During this latter programme, the dentist begged the mothers to teach their children to look upon the dentist as a friend - my own dentist has a habit, while preparing his instruments of torture, of humming a song, "Nobody loves the dentist." This programme does carry Hebrew subtitles but I think the Jewish women are entitled to the spoken word as well.

That commentator on the Jordan Hebrew news seems to have changed his glasses for a slightly less tinted pair, but he still looks too much like a sinister terrorist to convince us that he is sweetly reasonable. If he cannot get better spectacles in Amman, maybe he can cross the open bridge, to get some innocuous bifocals from an Israeli optometrist?

BRIEF MASTERPIECE

AZARIA Alon's vividly portrayed "Country Landscapes" (Saturday, Second Programme 0905) continue, to my mind, to be little five-minute masterpieces. They are consistent in quality as well as in general appeal.

This week, Mr. Alon took us to the "Beach of the Ten," (so named in memory of the ten members of the armed forces who lost their lives in a helicopter crash near there last year). The beach, much recommended, lies half way between Rafah and El Arish. Mr. Alon made it sound very attractive indeed - undulating dunes and clean, uncluttered beach where the sun shines always and evenly on one's back. The beta are already strung out to catch the migrating quail (promising us a story about that in the near future).

I look forward to Mr. Alon's next instalment, en route to El Arish. Mr. Alon spoke of an association with an oasis mentioned in the Bible as having some 70 date palms. These appear to have done pretty well for themselves. There are now an estimated 70,000 fruit-bearing palms in the area.

JOSEPH Taragin's "World of Science" (Saturday, First Programme 0905) provided us with another dose of popular science, this one dealing with the origins of life. (It would have been that much more timely the previous Shabbat, when we began reading the book of Genesis again).

This week's guest was inadequately introduced: "A" Professor Neuman, full stop. This was going on injustice to Professor

Radio Review
by **Ze'ev Schul**

Neuman, since his topic was handled with exceptional skill. The three principal theories - including the possibility of a spontaneous creation of life (maintained by some diehards until the 18th century) - were all scrutinized in a fascinating thumbnail history. The emphasis switched to the influence of Darwin and his theory of evolution and to the latest theories which contend, unlike earlier assumptions, that there could be links between "dead" matter and primitive chemical evolution, leading up to the formation of certain forms of amino acids, the group of nitrogenous organic compounds essential to animal metabolism.

It's a fascinating thought that (according to some theories) one per cent of the planets in our galaxy may be capable of sustaining life in one form or other. That one per cent adds up to one thousand million! It's nice to reflect that there may one day be some place to go to after we've finished messing up this planet. * * *

"YOURS for a Little While," I with Bomba Taur (Saturday, Second Programme, 1105) transported the underdog of the Israeli-Jerusalem triangle, the

being, for once, tops - for a little while only, it's true.

People identify themselves with him probably because he is the down-trodden one, the little guy, the chronic *shlemiel*, an Israeli reincarnation of Chaplin who, backed up by such "strong men" as Gideon Singer and Arle Lavy, stands out in a stark contrast on his own. But that doesn't mean that he can sing (at least, not according to my lights). Fortunately, and again in my very personal opinion, he seems much better just listened to than when he is also seen. One is not then distracted by such irritating nervous habits as mincing hops and hand-wringing. * * *

"I'M New to the Country," (Saturday Second Programme 1805) was a weekly Shmuel Shal feature, was a marked improvement over earlier editions I've listened to. Unfortunately, I missed the opening round of questions, but this time, the other side of the coin - i.e. what is being done for the immigrant - was given. It was a relief from the perennial recriminations piled up by absorbed and absorbers alike. And to those who still think that all the newcomers want is a penthouse on Dizengoff and a Volvo sedan to drive them to Lillienblum Street will be surprised to learn that two-thirds of all the newcomers from Russia have been absorbed in development centres, ranging from Carmel in the north to the complaints South. Most of the complaints I have heard against olim have come from people comfortably ensconced within the Bat Yam-Herzliya-Jerusalem triangle.

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2 1/2 - 3 ROOMS

11 Rehov BRENNER-TEL AVIV

Particulars at our offices: 8 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.

BARSHEFER
Building & Investment Co. Ltd
100, IBN GVIROL, TEL AVIV

ENGLISH THEATRE TOURING COMPANY

For the first time in Israel

"THE GLASS MENAGERIE"

By TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
starring
RUTH BRINKMANN
with
MARGARET GOURLET DOUGLAS LAMBERT
GEORGE ROUBINEK
Director: FRANK SCHAFERMAN • Sets: MAGNUS OLOF BRAT
Costumes: FAX COMPTON • Stage Manager: NIKOLAOS ALLEN

TEL AVIV, OHEL SHEM
3 PERFORMANCES
THURS. NOV. 2 - GALA
SAT. NOV. 6 AT 8.30 p.m.
Tickets: Kanan, 83 Rehov Aloniyah
at 8.30 p.m. on Sunday. See
and other agencies.

NETANYA, ESTHER
THURS. NOV. 9 -
only one performance at 9 p.m.
NAHARIYA, RON
FRI. NOV. 10 -
only one performance at 9 p.m.
JERUSALEM THEATRE
SAT. NOV. 11 at 9 p.m.
REHOV, BEIT HA'AM
WED. NOV. 15 -
only one performance at 9 p.m.
HOLON, ARNON
FRI. NOV. 17 -
only one performance at 8.45 p.m.

The above advertisement was published erroneously in Sunday's paper.